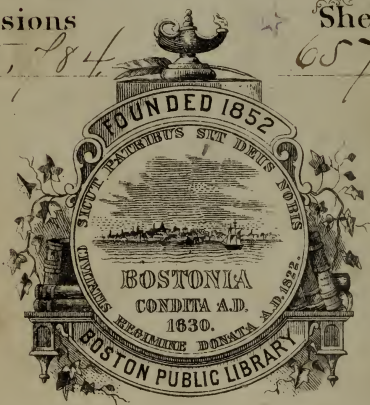


Accessions

355, 84

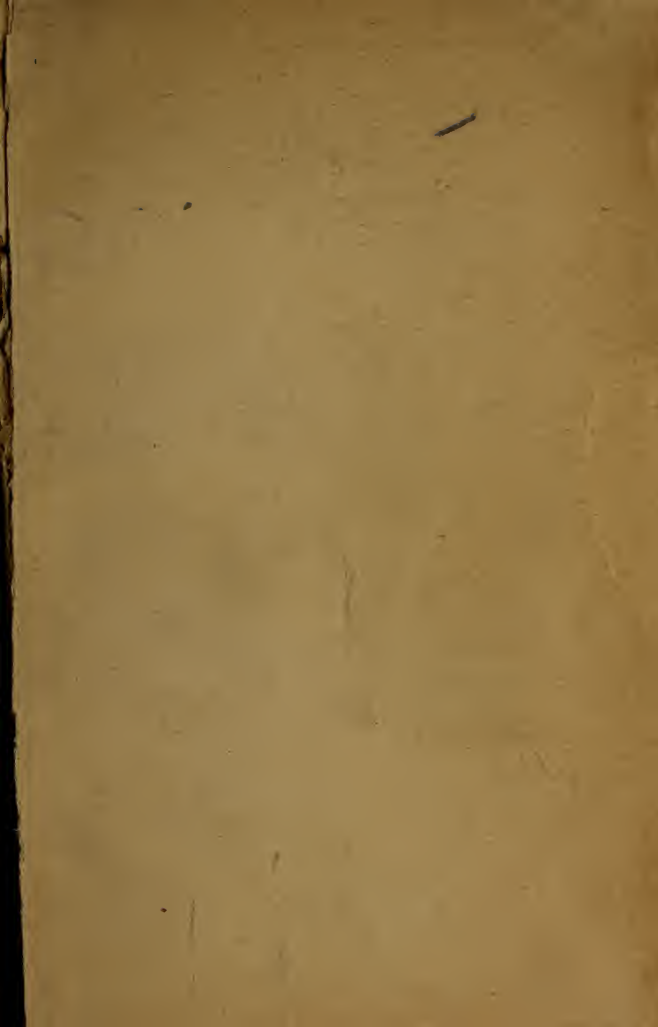
Shelf No.

6578.38



Received

Nov. 24, 1884



THE

565

ROBBERS:

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

from the German of
FREDERICK SCHILLER.

A NEW EDITION,

revised and corrected from the various translations.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,
At the Dramatic Repository,
Shakspeare Gallery.

1808

ADVERTISEMENT.

Frederick Schiller, the author of this tragedy, was educated in the military school, founded by the duke of Wirtemberg. At the age of twenty-three, he wrote this drama, which procured him the highest reputation throughout all Germany; but the discipline of that institution not permitting such pursuits, he was prohibited the use of his pen, under pain of imprisonment. He therefore left his native country for Mannheim, where he soon received the appointment of aulic counsellor of the palatinate of Bavaria. He has written several other tragedies.—Fiesco, or the Genoese conspiracy—The Minister (also translated under the title of Cabal and Love)—Don Carlos, the Infant of Spain—one on the story of the Maid of Orleans, and two under the title of The Piccolomini, or the Life and death of Wallenstein, parts the first and second:—all of which will be hereafter published.

The present is the fourth american edition of The Robbers, and has been revised by comparing the various translations of this tragedy: the publisher trusts therefore, that it will be found more correct.

PREFACE.

Of this most extraordinary production, *The Tragedy of the Robbers*, it is probable that different opinions may be formed by the critics, according to those various standards by which they are in use to examine and to rate the merit of dramatical compositions. To those who have formed their taste on aristotelian rules, derived from the meagre drama of the greeks, or on the equally regular, though more varied, compositions of the french stage, accommodated to the same rules this tragedy, as transgressing against the two chief unities of time and place, will be judged a very faulty composition. But even to such critics, if they are endowed with any real perception of the sublime and beautiful, this composition will be acknowledged, in spite of its irregularity as a whole, to abound with passages of the most superior excellence and to exhibit situations, the most powerfully interesting that can be figured by the imagination.

On the other hand, to those who are disposed to consider a strict adherence to the unities, as a factitious criterion of dramatic merit, as originating from no basis in nature or in good sense; and, as imposing a limitation on the sphere of the drama, by excluding from it the most interesting actions or events, which are incapable of being confined within these rules, this performance will be found to possess a degree of merit that will entitle it to rank in the very first class of dramatical compositions.

This tragedy touches equally those great master-springs of terror and of pity. It exhibits a conflict of the passions, so strong, so varied, and so affecting, that the mind is never allowed to repose itself ; but is hurried on through alternate emotions of compassion and abhorrence, of anxiety and terror, of admiration and regret, to the catastrophe. The language too is bold and energetic, highly impassioned, and perfectly adapted to the expression of that sublimity of sentiment which it is intended to convey.

A distinguishing feature of this piece, is a certain wildness of fancy, which displays itself not only in the delineation of the persons of the drama, but in the painting of those scenes in which the action is laid. This striking circumstance of merit in the tragedy of the Robbers was observed and felt by a critic of genuine taste ; who, in an excellent account of the german theatre in which he has particularly analyzed this tragedy, thus expresses himself : " The intrinsic force of this dramatic character. (the hero of the piece) is heightened by the singular circumstance in which it is placed. Captain of a band of inexorable and sanguinary banditti, whose furious valor he wields to the most desperate purposes ; living with those associates amidst woods and deserts, terrible and savage as the wolves they have displaced : this presents to the fancy a kind of preternatural personage, wrapt in all the gloomy grandeur of visionary beings "*

* Account of the german theatre, by Henry Mackenzie, esq. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

But the circumstance which of all others tends most powerfully to increase the interest of this tragedy, while it impresses on the delineation of its scenes a strong stamp of originality, is the principle of fatalism, which pervades the whole piece, and influences the conduct of the chief agents in the drama. The sentiment of moral agency is so rooted in the mind of man, that no sceptical sophistry, even of the most acute genius, is capable of eradicating it : and it is a singular phenomenon, that the opposing principle of fatalism, while it urges on to the perpetration of the most flagitious acts, has in reality no effect in weakening the moral feeling, or in diminishing that remorse which is attendant on the commission of crimes. For this reason, the compassionate interest which the mind feels in the emotions or sufferings of the guilty person, is not diminished by the observation, that he acts under an impression of inevitable destiny. On the contrary, there is something in our nature which leads us the more to compassionate the instrument of those crimes, that we see him consider himself as bound to guilt by fetters, which he has the constant wish but not the strength to break. The hero of this piece, endowed by nature with the most generous feelings, animated by the highest sense of honor, and susceptible of the warmest affections of the heart, is driven by perfidy, and the supposed inhumanity of those most dear to him in life, into a state of confirmed misanthropy and despair. In this situation he is hurried on to the perpetration of a series of crimes which find, from their very magnitude and atrocity, a recommendation to his distempered mind. Believing himself

an instrument of vengeance in the hand of the Almighty for the punishment of the crimes of others, he feels a species of savage satisfaction in thus accomplishing the dreadful destiny that is prescribed for him. Sensible, at the same time, of his own criminality in his early lapse from the paths of virtue, he considers himself as justly doomed to the performance of that part in life which is to consign his memory to infamy, and his soul to perdition. It will be allowed, that the imagination could not have conceived a spectacle more deeply interesting, more powerfully affecting to the mind of man, than that of a human being thus characterized and acting under such impressions.

This tragedy has been performed in several of the theatres of Germany with a success correspondent to its merit. So powerful, indeed, were its effects, and, as some thought, so dangerous, that in several states its representation was prohibited by the legislature. An anecdote which is current in Germany, if admitted to be a fact, shows that these ideas of a rigor apparently impolitic were not ill-founded. "After the representation of this tragedy at Fribourg, a large party of the youth of the city, among whom were the sons of some of the chief nobility, captivated by the grandeur of the character of its hero, *Moqr*, agreed to form a band like his in the forests of Bohemia, elected a young nobleman for their chief, and pitched on a beautiful young lady for his *Amelia*, whom they were to carry off from her parents' house, to accompany their flight. To the accomplishment of this design, they had bound themselves by the most tremen-

dous oaths ; but the conspiracy was discovered by an accident, and its execution prevented.”*

If the translator of *The Robbers* were not convinced that this anecdote, of which perhaps there has been some slight foundation in truth, has been very greatly exaggerated, and indeed altogether misrepresented, he would acknowledge himself to stand in need of a strong apology for introducing this piece to the knowledge of his countrymen : for who could justify himself to his own mind for disseminating and even recommending that composition which has shown itself, by its effects, to be of the most dangerous tendency ? but the translator, encouraged by the testimony of his own feelings, makes a bold appeal to the feelings of others, and has no scruple to assert, that this piece, so far from being hostile in its nature to the cause of virtue, is one of the most truly moral compositions that ever flowed from the pen of genius ; nor is there a human being, whose heart is in the slightest degree susceptible of virtuous emotions, that will not feel them roused into a flame, and every latent principle of morality called forth, and strengthened by an exercise of the passions as salutary as ever was furnished by imaginary scenes. For, what example so moral in its nature, as that of a noble and ingenuous mind yielding at first to the blandishments of pleasure, embarking heedlessly in a course of criminal extravagance, which leagues him with a society of the most worthless and profligate of his species—perpetually at war with his own better feelings,

* Account of the german Theatre. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

which gave him the keenest pangs of remorse—the bonds of this association becoming at length indissoluble, till, wading on gradually through scenes of increasing atrocity, he feels, in the shipwreck of all his happiness in this world, a dreadful anticipation of that inevitable doom of misery which he knows is to attend him in the next? what is there, it must be asked, in an example of this kind, which is unfavorable to the cause of morality? is it the grandeur of the character of *Moor*? but this very grandeur is the circumstance which makes the example more forcibly persuasive to virtue. The grandeur of his character consists in those excellent endowments of nature which guilt has poisoned and perverted to the bane of society, to a determined hostility against his own species, and to the poignant misery of their once amiable possessor. Is this a grandeur of character which incites to imitation, or which can corrupt by its example? far otherwise. With equal justice might we arraign the poem of Milton of immoral tendency, for having represented the arch-fiend with the characters of a fallen angel. We admire, but it is with awe and horror. We gaze on the precipice with an astonishment mixed with delight, but we draw back while we gaze on it. The other principal characters in this play have the most direct tendency to produce moral instruction. The weakness of an indulgent parent, whose over-weening affection for one of his sons excites the fraternal hatred of the other, is productive of the most fatal consequences. The unqualified depravity of the younger son, his fiend-like malevolence, and atrocious guilt, are attended with a punishment as horrible as it is merited.

The exhibition of the tragedy of the Robbers at Fribourg had in all probability produced among the youth of the public school some holiday-frolic, which in its consequences was serious enough to attract the attention of the police of the city. Some boyish depredations might have been committed, and perhaps a youthful intrigue have been discovered, in which the principal party had availed himself of the aid of his companions. These circumstances, magnified by report, will sufficiently account for the anecdote above mentioned.

A french translation of this tragedy appears in the Theatre Allemand, published in twelve volumes, 8vo. by mess. Friedel and De Bonneville. The english translator's opinion of that version is, that it is perhaps as good as the language of the translation will admit of: but as the french language in point of energy is far inferior to our own tongue, and very far beneath the force of the german, he owns he is not without hopes that this translation may be found to convey a more just idea of the striking merits of the original.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Original cast in the old american company.

Maximilian, Count de Moor.		<i>Mr. Richards.</i>
Charles de Moor,	} his sons.	<i>Mr. Hodgkinson.</i>
Francis de Moor,		<i>Mr. Martin.</i>
Amelia, his niece.		<i>Mrs. Melmoth.</i>
Speigelberg,	} young libertines who become robbers.	<i>Mr. Prigmore.</i>
Switzer,		<i>Mr. Munto.</i>
Grimm,		<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
Schusterle,		<i>Mr. Durang.</i>
Roller,		<i>Mr. Hallam, jun.</i>
Razman,		<i>Mr. Ashton.</i>
Kozinski,		<i>Mr. Marriott.</i>
Herman, the natural son of a nobleman.	}	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
A commissary.		<i>Mr. Nelson.</i>
Daniel, an old servant of the count de Moor.	}	<i>Mr. Wools.</i>
Robbers, attendants, &c. by the rest of the company.		

The scene is laid in Germany, at the time of the enactment of a perpetual peace, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

THE ROBBERS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Franconia.*

a hall in count de Moor's castle.

the old count de MOOR, and his son FRANCIS.

Fran. But you are not well, sir: you look pale.

O. Moor. Quite well, my son. What have you to say to me?

Fran. The post is come in. A letter from our correspondent at Leipzick——

O. Moor. (*earnestly*) Any news of my son Charles?

Fran. Hm, hm—Why, yes; but—I am afraid if—you were ailing at all—or the least indisposed: I beg pardon—I will tell you at a convenient time. (*half aside*) Such tidings are not for a frail old man.

O. Moor. What am I to hear!

Fran. Let me step aside one moment, while I drop a tear of compassion for my poor lost brother. But on this subject, as he is your son, I should be silent. As he is my brother, I ought for ever to conceal his shame. Yet it is my first duty to obey you—in this instance, a melancholy duty. Pity me, sir; I need your pity.

O Moor. O Charles, Charles, if you knew how you tear your father's heart at this moment! how the smallest good intelligence of you would add years to his life.——
Alas, every fresh account I hear brings me a step nearer to the grave.

Fran. Is it so, my father? live then for me. Heaven forbid that I should abridge your days.*

O. Moor. Stay; there is but one step more; one little step. Let him accomplish his will. (*sitting down*) The sins of the fathers must be punished, to the third and fourth generation. Be it even so.

Fran. (*taking the letter out of his pocket*) You know our correspondent's writing. There—I would give a finger of my right hand, to be able to say he is a liar; a black infernal liar. Call up all your fortitude, sir—pardon me if I don't let you read this letter; it were too much to know all at once.

O. Moor. All, did you say? my son, you wish to spare this gray head; but——

Fran. (*reads*) “Leipzick, the first of May.—Your brother seems now to have filled up the measure of his shame, unless indeed his genius passes my comprehension. After contracting debts to the amount of 40,000 ducats,” (a pretty sum this, sir) “and seducing the daughter of a rich banker, whose lover, a brave young gentleman, he mortally wounded in a duel, he thought proper, last night, at midnight, to decamp, with seven others of his profligate associates, and thus evade the pursuit of justice.” Father, for God's sake—father—how is it with you?

O. Moor. It is enough. Stop there, my son.

Fran. Yes, I will spare you, I will indeed. “They have sent off warrants—the injured parties cry aloud for justice—there is a price set upon his head. The name of *Moor*——” No, these lips shall not be guilty of a father's murder. (*tears the letter in pieces*) Believe it not, sir; believe not a syllable of it.

O. Moor. (*weeps bitterly*) My name, my honorable name!

* GERM. *Wir wurden noch heute die haare aufräumen über everm sarge.*

We will not tear our hair over your coffin to-day.

Fran. Oh that he had never borne the name of Moor—that my heart had not beat thus warmly for him! impious affection, that will not be suppressed, that must one day rise in judgment against me at the throne of God.

O. Moor O—all my prospects—my golden dreams!

Fran I knew it well—twas what I always predicted. That spirit of fire, said you, which sparkled forth even in his boyish years, which showed itself in an exquisite sensibility to every thing that was great or beautiful—that generous openness of character—the soul which spoke forth in his eyes—that tenderness of feeling, that manly courage, that youthful thirst of honor, that inflexible resolution, and all those shining qualities that adorn my darling son, will make him one day the delight of his friends, the support, the hero of his country. And now, sir, what has all come to? that spirit of fire has indeed displayed itself, broke out with a vengeance, and produces glorious fruits indeed. Observe that admired openness of character—now confirmed audacity: that tenderness of feeling—awake only to the allurements of a wanton. Where now is that bright genius? is the oil which supplied that resplendent lamp quite extinguished? have six short years consumed it to the dregs? and what is now your hero? a spectre, a body without life, that walks the earth, whom the mob shall point at as they pass along, and, scoffing, say, “Twas love, forsooth, that made him so.” See now that spirit of enterprize, which has planned and executed such schemes, that the exploits of a Cartouche vanish before them. But when these splendid blossoms come to their full maturity—for how can one expect perfection at so early an age?—perhaps, father, you may have the satisfaction of seeing him at the head of one of those troops that choose the hollow recess of the forest for their abode, and humanely ease the weary traveller of his burden. Perhaps, before you go to the grave, you may have it in your power to make a pilgrimage to the monument erected for him between heaven and earth—perhaps,

father——o my poor father ! seek, seek another name ; lest the very boys in the streets point their fingers at you, the boys who have seen your son's effigy in the market-place of Leipzick.

O. Moor. And you too, my Francis—must you likewise ? o my children ! how you pierce my heart !

Fran. You see that I too have a spirit ; but mine is a scorpion's spirit. Yes, that poor ordinary creature, that Francis, that stock, that wooden puppet, so frigid, so insensible ;—and all those pretty epithets with which you were pleased to mark the contrast twixt the brothers, when he sat on your knee and pinched your cheek. He, poor creature—twas of me you spoke—he will die within his own bounds, moulder away, and be forgotten ;—while his brother's fame, the renown of that great, that universal genius, shall fly from pole to pole. Yes, with uplifted hands, I thank thee, heaven, that the poor Francis, the cold, the stupid stock, has no resemblance of his brother.

O. Moor. Pardon me, my child ; reproach not thy miserable father, whose fondest hopes are blasted for ever. That God, who has ordained these tears to flow from the crimes of thy brother, has mercifully appointed that thou shouldst wipe them away.

Fran. Yes, my father ; thy Francis will wipe those tears away ; thy Francis will sacrifice his own life to prolong the days of his father : thy life shall be the rule of all my actions—the spring of every thought : nor shall there be in nature a tie so strong, a bond so sacred, as not to yield to the first of duties, the preservation and the comfort of that precious life ! do not you believe me, sir ?

O. Moor. Thou hast many and great duties to fulfil, my son—may heaven bless you for what you have done, and what you shall yet do for me.

Fran. Say then at once, that you were happy if you could not call that wretch your son.

O. Moor. Peace, o peace ! when he first came into life, when my arms sustained for the first time his infant

limbs, did I not then appeal to heaven, did I not call God himself to witness my happiness

Fran. You said so then. How have you found it now? is there even among your own servants so low, so abject a being, that you would not exchange conditions with him—enviable in this respect his lot, that he is not the father of such a son. Yes, while he lives, what have you to look for but bitterness of soul—but still increasing torments? till nature herself shall sink under the weight of her affliction

O. Moor. Oh what a load of years has affliction already anticipated on these gray hairs!

Fran. Well then, suppose you throw him off at once; renounce for ever this—

O. Moor (*starting with emotion*) What didst thou say? renounce him! wouldst thou I should curse my son?

Fran. Not so, my father—curse thy son! God forbid. But whom dost thou call thy son? is it the monster to whom thou gavest life, and who in return does his utmost to shorten thine?

O. Moor. Unnatural child? ah me—but still, still my child.

Fran. Yes, an amiable, a precious child, whose continual study is to get rid of an old father. O that you should be thus slow to discover his character! will nothing remove the scales from your eyes? no—your indulgence must rivet him in all his vices; your support encourage and even warrant them. Thus you may avert the curse from his head—that eternal curse, which must now fall upon your own

O. Moor. Tis just, most just: mine, mine alone is all the guilt.

Fran. How many thousands, who have drank deep of the cup of pleasure, have been reclaimed by suffering? is not the bodily pain, which is the consequence of vice, a certain mark of the interposition of heaven? and shall the tenderness of man impiously strive to avert that salutary consequence?—think on that, sir. If he is ex-

posed for some time to the pressure of misfortunes, is it not probable he will amend? but if, in the great school of affliction, he still remains incorrigible, then—woe be to that misguided parent, who counteracts the decrees of eternal wisdom!—what say you, father?

O. Moor. I will write to him, that I throw him off for ever.

Fran. Twere right and wisely done.

O Moor. That he never see my face again.—

Fran. That will have a good effect.

O. Moor. (*with emotion*) Till he becomes another man.

Fran. Right, sir, quite right. But suppose him to come now like a hypocrite, and woo you to compassion, and fawn and flatter till he obtains his pardon—and the next moment he laughs at the fond weakness of his father in the arms of his harlots. No, no, sir; let him alone till conscience awaken him: then he will of his own accord return to his duty; then may we expect a sincere amendment.

O. Moor. I must write to him immediately.

(*going out*)

Fran. Stop, sir; one word more. I am afraid your anger may make you say something too harsh—it would be cruel to drive him at once to despair. And besides, dont you think, that he might be apt to interpret a letter from your own hand, as perhaps—a sort of pardon. Would it not be better, sir, if I should write to him?

O. Moor. Do so, my son. Oh, it would have broke my heart to have written to him. Write to him that—

Fran. (*hastily*) Is that agreed, then?

O. Moor. Write to him, that a thousand tears of blood, a thousand sleepless nights—but dont, my son, dont drive him to despair.

Fran. Retire to bed, dear father: this affects you too much.

O. Moor. Write to him, that his father's heart—but do not drive him to despair.

[*goes off in great agitation*]

Fran (looking at him with an air of mockery) Ay, be comforted, my good dotard. Never more shall you press your darling to your bosom:—no, there is a gulph between—distant as heaven from hell. He was torn for ever from your arms, before you knew it was possible you ever could have wished it. These papers must not be seen—that might be dangerous—if the hand-writing were known!—(*gathers up the scraps of paper*) I should be a pitiful bungler indeed, if I knew not yet how to tear a son from the heart of his father, even were they linked together with chains of iron. Courage, my boy! the favorite's removed—that's a giant's step. But there is another heart, from which I must tear this Charles; ay, were that heart to break for it. (*walks to and fro with rapid strides*) I have a heavy debt of hatred against Nature, and by my soul, I'll make it good. Why was this hideous burden of deformity laid upon me alone—as if she had formed me only of the scum, the very refuse of her stuff! she damn'd me from my birth! and here I swear eternal enmity to her. I'll blast her fairest works.—What are to me the ties of kindred? I'll burst those trammels of affection,—bonds of the soul—I never felt their strength—she denied me the sweet play of the heart, and all its persuasive eloquence. What must its place supply? imperious force? henceforth be that the servant of my wishes—force aided by craft—and all shall yield before me.

enter AMELIA—she comes slowly forward.

Fran. She comes! aha, the medicine works; I know it by her step. I love her not; but I am resolved that no one else shall revel on her charms. In my arms, shall they be choakt and withered in the bud;—nor ever man shall reap their bloom. Ha, what are you doing there? (*Amelia without observing him, tears a nosegay in pieces*)

Fran (*approaching with an insinuating air*) What crime have these poor violets committed?

Amel. (*starting, and surveying him with a long look*)

Is it you? you here? whom of all mankind I most desired to see.

Fran. Me? is it possible;—me of all mankind!

Amel. You, sir, even you. I have hungered—I have thirsted for the sight of you—Stay, I conjure you. Here, poisoner, let me enjoy my highest pleasure, let me curse thee to thy face.

Fran. Why am I thus treated? you wrong me, child; go to the father, who——

Amel. The father, ha! that father, who dooms his son to eat the bread of despair, while he pampers himself with the richest delicacies; who gluts his appetite with costly wines, and rests his palsied limbs in down, while his son,—his noble son,—the paragon of all that's worthy, all that's amiable, that's great,—wants the bare necessities of life. Shame to you, monsters of inhumanity, unfeeling, brutal monsters. His only son!

Fran. His only son? I thought that he had two?

Amel. Ay, he deserves many such sons as you—yes, when stretcht on the bed of death, he shall extend his feeble hands, and seek to grasp for the last time his injured noble Charles, let him feel thy icy hand, thou fiend, and shudder at the touch. O how sweet, how delicious the curse of a dying father.

Fran. You rave, my child; I pity you.

Amel. Dost thou so? dost thou pity thy brother? no, savage, thou hat'st him. — Thou hatest me too, I hope.

Fran. I love thee, Amelia—as my soul I love thee.

Amel. Well, if you love me, can you refuse me one small request?

Fran. I can refuse thee nothing; were it even my life.

Amel. Well then, I ask what you will grant, with all your soul. (*proudly*) I ask you to—hate me. I should die for shame, if, while I thought on Charles, I could for a moment believe thou didst not hate me. Give me thy promise, villain, and begone.

Fran. Charming enthusiast; how that impassioned soul enchants me. (*puts his hand on Amelia's heart*) Sweet flutterer. Palace of delight, where Charles reign

ed sole monarch. Temple sacred to his divinity, awake or on her pillow Charles was the idol of Amelia's fancy—ever present to those beauteous eyes, present even in thy dreams. In him all animated being seemed concentrated. Creation itself spoke but of Charles alone to that enraptured soul.

Amel. (with great emotion) Yes, I own it was so ;—yes, in spite of you, barbarians, to the world I will avow it. I love him ; I adore him.

Fran. How ungenerous, how cruel, to make so ill a return to so much fondness—nay, to forget——

Amel. Forget ! what mean'st thou, wretch ?

Fran. Wore he not once a ring of yours ; a ring you put yourself upon his finger ? a diamond ring, a pledge of your fond love ? it is a hard trial, I own, for the heat of youthful blood—and hardly resistible. Those wantons have such arts, such fascinating charms—there is some apology for a young man—and then, how could he help it ? he had nothing else to give her ; surely she paid him amply for it by her caresses.

Amel. My ring to a wanton ? how say'st thou ?

Fran. Fy, fy, twas infamous indeed : but still, if that had been all, was it not easy to have redeemed it, however costly ; a good jew might have lent the money. But perhaps she did not like the fashion of it—it may be he changed it himself for a handsomer.

Amel. (warmly) But *my* ring—*my* ring !

Fran. Ay, think of that. Had I received such a jewel, and from Amelia too ! death itself should not have ravish'd it from this hand. What think you, Amelia ? tis not the value of the diamond, tis not the costly workmanship—tis love that gives it value. You weep, sweet girl. Oh, cursed be he that caused those precious tears to flow. Alas, did you know all—could you but see him now—see him with those features——

Amel. What features, monster ?

Fran. Hush, hush, dear Amelia ; ask me no further. (*speaking apart, but audibly*) Twere something if that abominable vice had but a veil to conceal its deformity

from the sight of the world; but how hideous its aspect, markt by the yellow livid eye—the hollow death-like features, the bones that pierce the shrivel'd skin—the broken faltering voice—the frail and tottering carcase, while the poison preys into the very marrow of the bones. Horrible and loathsome picture—how the thought sickens! Do you remember, Amelia, that miserable object who died lately in the hospital, whose contagious breath tainted the air—whom modesty forbade to look at. Recall, if thou canst, that loathsome image. Such, o horrible to think, is now thy once loved Charles! his lips distil poison—his kisses pestilence and death.

Amel. Detested, shameless slanderer!

Fran. Does this image of thy love inspire thee with horror? then paint him, Amelia, in your own imagination—the lovely, the divine, the angelic Charles! go, enjoy the ambrosia of his lips—inhale his balmy breath! (*Amelia hides her face with her hands*) Oh ecstasy! what rapture in those embraces!—but is it not unjust, nay cruel, to condemn a man because he is the victim of disease? may not a great soul inhabit a foul carcase? (*with malignant irony*) May not the beauties of the mind dwell in a tainted body, or the soft voice of love issue from the lips of corruption? true indeed, if the poison of debauchery should taint the soul as well as the body; if impurity and virtue were inconsistent, as a withered rose loses its perfume, then —

Amel. (*with rapture*) Ha, once more I know my Charles! my own Charles! liar! thy tale is false—monster, it is impossible! (*Francis remains a while absorbed in thought, then turns suddenly, as if going*) Whither art thou going? does shame overpower thee?

Fran. (*covering his face*) Let me be gone—let my tears have their free course. Cruel, tyrannic father! that could abandon to misery the best, the worthiest of thy children! let me hence this moment, to throw myself at his feet, and on my knees intreat him to heap upon my head that heavy malediction—to throw me off, disinheriting me for ever—to sacrifice my blood, my life, my all for him.

Amel. (much softened) Brother of my own Charles, most kind, most tender!

Fran. O Amelia! how I love, how I admire that matchless constancy of affection! wilt thou pardon me that most severe, that cruel trial of thy love? how hast thou justified all I hoped, all I could have wished to have found in thee! those tears, those sighs—that ardent indignation! ah! such are the certain proofs how much our souls have ever sympathised.

Amel. (shakes her head) No! by the chaste light of heaven! not an atom of him, not a spark of his soul, not a particle of his sensibility.

Fran. 'Twas on a calm, still evening, the last before his departure from Leipzick, when taking me along to that grove which has so often witnessed the rapturous expressions of your passion, your vows of mutual love; there, after a long silence, he took my hand in his; and while the tears almost choaked his utterance, I leave my Amelia, said he. I know not how to account for it—but I have a sad presentiment that it is for ever! do not abandon her, my dear brother. Be her friend, her Charles! should it happen, that Charles—should never return; that he were gone for ever. (*throws himself at Amelia's feet, and kisses her hand with ardor*) And he is gone for ever, no more will he return; and I have pledged my sacred promise—

Amel. (springs back) Traitor! are you now detected! 'twas in that very grove that we exchanged our solemn plighted oaths, that no other love, even after death. What an impious wretch art thou, how execrable! quit my sight.

Fran. You know me not, Amelia. Still, still you know me not.

Amel. O I know you well, most completely at this instant. And you my Charles's confidant! yes sure—to you he would have opened all his soul; on your bosom he would have shed those tears for me! sigh'd forth my name in your blasted ear. As soon would he have written it on the gibbet! quit my sight!

Fran. You insult me grossly, madam.

Amel. Quit my sight! thou hast robbed me of a precious hour. May it be counted on thy worthless life!

Fran. You hate me then?

Amel. I scorn you, wretch. Begone!

Fran. What? (*stamping with fury*) Thou shalt quake for this! I'll be sacrificed for an out-cast! (*goes off in a frenzy of passion*)

Amel. Go, mean and infamous wretch! now am I once more with Charles! outcast, did he say? the world is then unhinged: outcasts are kings, and kings are outcasts! I would not change the rags which that poor out-cast wears, for the imperial purple! what must be that look with which he begs! an eye of majesty itself! a look that dazzles into nought the splendor of the proud, the pageant triumphs of the rich and great. (*tears the jewels from her neck*) To the dust, ye useless ornaments—go load the unfeeling head of vanity. Ye rich, and haughty barons, may your gold, your jewels, and your banquets be your curse! Charles, Charles! now I am worthy of thee! [exit]

SCENE—an inn on the frontiers of Saxony.

CHARLES DE MOOR.

Moor (*alone, walking about with impatience*) What is become of those fellows? sure they have been upon some scamper. Here, house! get me some more wine? 'tis very late, and the post not yet arrived. (*putting his hand on his heart*) How it beats here! halloo! more wine? wine, I say; I need a double portion of courage to-day—for joy, or for despair (*wine is brought—Moor drinks, and strikes the table violently with the glass*) What a damn'd inequality in the lot of mankind! while the gold lies useless in the mouldy coffer of the miser, the leaden hand of poverty checks the daring flight of youth, and chills the fire of enterprise: wretches, whose income is beyond computation, have worn my thresh-

hold in dunning payment of a few miserable debts; yet so kindly have I intreated them; grasp'd them by the hand; give me but a single day! all in vain. What are prayers, oaths, tears to them; they pierce not the scaly armor of an impenetrable heart!

enter SPEIGELBERG with letters.

Speig A plague consume it? one stroke after another! what thinkest thou, Moor? it drives one to madness! —

Moor What is the matter now?

Speig The matter! read—read it yourself. Our trade's at an end; peace proclaimed in Germany*; the devil consume those priests! —

Moor Peace in Germany!

Speig 'Tis enough to make a man hang himself: club law is gone for ever: all fighting prohibited, on pain of death: death and fury! Moor, go hang yourself! pens must scribble where swords hack'd before!

Moor (*throws away his sword*) Then let cowards rule, and men throw by their arms. Peace in Germany! Germany, this news hast blasted thee for ever! goose quills for swords: no, I'll not think of it; shall I curb my ardent spirit! chain my will to their despotic laws? peace in Germany? curse on that peace, that would confine to earth the flight of an eagle. Peace never made a great man. 'Tis war that makes the hero! O, if the spirit of Herman were yet alive in his ashes! place me but at the head of a troop of men like myself,

* The action of this play is supposed to have passed in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian (grandfather to Charles V) who in 1506 procured that great enactment of the imperial diet, which established a perpetual peace between all the different states that compose the Germanic body. Before this time, they were constantly at war with each other, a state of society favorable to every species of depredation and outrage.

and out of Germany, beyond her limits. No, no, no! it will not do. 'Tis all over with her, her hour is come! not an atom of spirit, not a free pulse in the posterity of *Barbarossa*! here I bid adieu to all noble enterprise, and seek once more my native peaceful fields.

Speig. What the devil! you'll play the prodigal son upon us? a fellow like you, who has made more gashes with his sword than an attorney's clerk has written lines in a leap year! fie, fie! shame upon it; misfortunes should never make a coward of a *man*!

Moor. Maurice! I will ask pardon of my father; and think it no shame; call it weakness, if you please—it is the weakness of a man; and he who feels it not, must be either above humanity—or below it. I steer the middle course.

Speig. Go then; I know thee no longer for Moor? have you forgot how many thousand times, with the glass in your hand, you scoff'd at the old hunks; let him scrape and hoard as he will—I'll drink the more for it. Have you forgot that, Moor? that was spoke like a man—like a gentleman—but now——

Moor. Curse on you for that remembrance! may I be curs'd for ever having uttered it! 'twas the speech of intoxication—my heart abhorr'd what my tongue express'd.

Speig. (*shaking his head*) No, no—that's impossible, impossible, brother. Confess that it is necessity makes thee talk thus—come man, never fear! let things be ever so bad. The more peril the more courage, the more they crush us, the higher we'll rise. If the fates throw bars in our way, 'tis to make heroes of us. Come along.

Moor. (*peevishly*) In my opinion, there's little occasion for courage when there's nothing to be done with it.

Speig. So! you would give up the game—bury your talents in the earth. Do you think our paltry exploits at Leipzick were the limits of human genius? let us launch into the great world—Paris and London for

me? there, if you call a man "honest fellow" he knocks you down. There a man has some pleasure in the trade—tis on a grand scale. What do you stare at? such charming counterfeiting of hands, loading of dice, picking of locks, gutting of strong boxes! huzza. Paris and London for me.—Speigelberg will be your tutor? let the poor dog be hanged who chooses to starve rather than crook his fingers?

Moor. (sarcastically) What, have you got that length?

Speig. I fancy you doubt my powers—stay till I get warm in the business, and you shall see wonders. Your shallow brains will turn in your head when you hear the projects I shall form. (*striking the table*) *aut Cæsar, aut nihil*. You shall be jealous of me.

Moor. (looking at him stedfastly) Maurice.

Speig. (warmly) Yes, jealous of me—madly jealous, you and all of you. I will invent such plans as shall confound every one of you. How the light breaks! what great ideas dawn upon my mind—what giant projects form in this creative brain? curs'd lethargy of the soul! (*striking his head*) that hitherto has chain'd this better judgment, cramp't all my strength of mind—darkened all my prospects—I am now awake—I feel what I am, what I must yet be. Go, leave me—you shall all be indebted to my bounty for your support!

Moor. You are a fool! the wine has got into your head! tis that makes you bluster so.

Speig (still more animated) Speigelberg, they will say, art thou a magician, Speigelberg?—what a pity, Speigelberg, says the king, thou wert not a general; thou would'st have made the turks creep into their holes like rats. Now I think I hear the doctors say, what a loss it is this man had not been bred to physic; he would have found out the true *elixir vitæ*. Ah, had he turn'd his thoughts to finance, say our statesmen, what a figure he would have made; he would have changed the very stones into gold. The name of Speigelberg shall

fly from pole to pole! and you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, ye shall crawl in the dirt, while Speigelberg shall soar to the temple of glory, with an eagle's flight!

Moor. A good journey to you! soar away from the top of the gallows to the pinnacle of glory!—in the shade of my paternal woods, in the arms of my Amelia, I court far nobler pleasures. 'Tis now eight days since I have written to my father to intreat his pardon. I have not concealed from him the smallest circumstance of my misconduct; and sincere repentance will ever find forgiveness.—Maurice, let us part—part never to meet again—the post is arrived—at this very moment my father's pardon is within these walls.

enter SWITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, *and* SCHUFTERLE.

Rol. Do you know there is a search for us?

Grimm. That every moment we may expect to be apprehended?

Moor. I am not surprised at it, nor do I care how matters go. Have none of you seen Razman? did he speak of no letters for me?

Rol. I suppose he has some, for he has been looking for you a long time.

Moor. Where is he? where, where? (*going*)

Rol. Stay; we desired him to come here. How now? you tremble!

Moor. I do not tremble—wherefore should I tremble? friends, this letter—rejoice with me—I am the happiest of men! tremble! why should I tremble?—(*Switzer sits down in Spiegelberg's place, and drinks his wine*)

enter RAZMAN.

Moor. (*running to him*) The letter! where is the letter?

Raz. (*giving him the letter, which he opens with eagerness*) What now? why you are as pale as a white washed wall

Moor. My brother's hand!

Rol. What the devil is Speigelberg about there?

Grimm. The fellow is out of his senses;—he's playing tricks like a monkey;—he has got St. Vitus' dance.

Schuf. His wits are a-wool-gathering:—he's making verses, I suppose.

Rol. Speigelberg! hey, Speigelberg!—damn the fellow, he does not hear me.——

Grimm. (*shaking him by the shoulder*) Hallo! Maurice, are you dreaming?

Speig. (*who all this time had been making gestures on his seat, like a man conceiving some great project, starts up with a wild aspect, and seizes Switzer by the throat*) Your purse, or your life!

(*Switzer, with great coolness drives him against the wall—all laugh Moor lets fall the letter, and is going out in distraction—the rest keep silence for a while, and look at each other*)

Rol. (*stopping him*) Moor, where are you going? what's the matter, Moor?

Grimm. What can be the matter?—he's as pale as a corpse.——

Moor. Lost! lost for ever! (*rushes out*)

Grimm. He must have got strange news!—let's see what it can be!

Rol. (*takes up the letter and reads*) "Unfortunate brother," a pleasant beginning! "I am sorry to inform you, that you have nothing more to hope. Your father says, you may go wherever your evil genius shall direct you;—he gives you up to perdition. He bids me tell you, that were you to come in tears, and cling to his knees, you need not hope for pardon; that you may expect a dungeon of the castle for your apartment, and bread and water for your sustenance, till your bristly hairs shall outgrow the feathers of an eagle, and your nails the talons of a vulture. These are his very words. He orders me to stop here—to bid you an eternal adieu—I pity you from my soul.

FRANCIS DE MOOR."

Swit. There's a pretty, sweet little brother for you!—and this vermin is called Francis!

Speig (*sneaking forwards*) Bread and water, was that the word?—a temperate kind of diet indeed—but I shall find better for you. Didn't I always tell you, that I must think for you?

Swit. What does the blockhead say? this ass pretends to think for us all.

Speig. Poor creatures! poor, lame, helpless animals! no hearts have you to attempt any thing that's great!

Rol. Well, what do you propose for our relief? what's your plan for raising us from this pitiful state! come, give it us!

Speig (*laughing with self conceit*) Poor things! to to raise you from this pitiful state—ha, ha, ha! pitiful indeed! I thought you had a thimble full of brains at least. You have made a fine cavalcade, and now you may stable your horses! Speigelberg were an ass indeed, if he did not know his own course! I would make heroes of you—barons, princes, demi gods!

Raz. Why, that's pretty well to begin with. This is some break neck enterprize I dare engage—something that will cost a head or two at least.

Speig. Not your head, I answer for it. There's nothing wanting but courage! As for the genius, the contrivance, I take all upon myself—courage, I say! Switzer, courage! Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schusterle—courage is the word!

Swit. Courage! if that were all, I have enough to go bare-foot through hell!

Raz. Courage! I could fight the devil in his own shape, for a thief's body under the gallows.

Speig. That's what I like. Well, if you have courage, let any one of you step forward, and say, "I have something yet to lose—I am not yet quite thread bare." (*after a long pause*) What, not a word among you?

Rol. What's the use of all this palaver? if common sense can comprehend, and determined courage execute your project—out with it.

Speig. Well then, hark. (*places himself in the midst of them, and with a solemn tone of adjuration*) If there is a drop of german blood—of the blood of heroes in your veins,—come, follow me—let us betake ourselves to the forests of Bohemia—form a troop of robbers, and ——— What do you stare at? is your little flash of courage out already?

Rol. You are not the first rogue who has set the gallows at defiance—and yet—what choice is left us?

Speig. What choice? why, you have no choice. Would you choose to take up your abode in the dungeon for debtors, and spin hemp till you are bailed by the last trumpet; or would you gain your miserable morsel of bread with the spade and mattock? would you beg an alms with a doleful tale under a window; or would you enlist for recruits?—that's to say, if your hang-dog visages did not betray you—and submit to the torments of purgatory, at the pleasure of an overbearing scoundrelly corporal—to run the gantlope, and dance to the music of the drum; or be chained like a galley slave to a train of artillery? there's what you have to chuse—a charming catalogue of delightful occupations

Rol. You are the prince of orators, *Speigelberg*, when you want to make an honest man a scoundrel—but say, gentlemen, what's become of Moor?

Speig. Honest man, say you? will you be the less an honest man, if you follow my advice, than you are at present? what do you call honest? to ease the miser of a part of his load, and give him sound sleep and golden dreams for it; to bring the stagnating metal into circulation, to regulate the unequal balance of fortune—in short, to bring back the golden age—to rid providence of a burden, and save it the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine and physic, into the world:—to have the proud thought when we sit down to our meal, this is the fruit of my own ingenuity—this was gained by the courage of a lion—this the reward of watchful nights—to draw the respect of all ranks and conditions.

Rol. And finally to be dispatched by the hangman, to set storm and tempest, and time himself at defiance, while you dangle under the sun, moon, and stars, with the sweet birds in concert around you; and while kings and potentates are the food of worms, to have the honor of frequent visits from the royal bird of Jove. Maurice, Maurice, have a care of yourself; beware of the beast with three legs.

Speig. And you fear that, you pitiful animal? many a noble fellow, fit to have reformed the world, has rotted between heaven and earth. And does not the renown of such men live for centuries? ay for a millenium! while the vulgar herd of kings and princes would be overlooked in the catalogue, but that the historian finds it necessary to complete his genealogical tree, and swell the number of his pages—ay, and when the traveller sees him dangling in the wind—there, says he, muttering to himself, that fellow had no water in his brains, I'll warrant him—and curses the hardship of the times.

Raz. Great and masterly, by heaven!—*Speigelberg*, thou hast a charm, like *Orpheus*, to lull the yellow *Cerberus*, conscience. Take me to yourself; I am yours.

Grimm. And let them call it infamy. What then? at the worst, tis but carrying a small dose of powder in your pocket, which will send us over *Styx*—to take a nap in that country where no cocks will crow to awaken us.—Courage, Maurice! that's *Grimm's* confession of faith. *(gives him his hand)*

Schuf. —Zounds! what a hurly burly's in this head of mine. It's a fair auction: mountebanks, lotteries, alchymists, pickpockets—you have all your chance; and he that offers most, shall have me. Give me your hand, cousin.

Swit. *(comes forward slowly, and gives his hand to Speigelberg)*. Maurice, thou art a great man; or rather the blind sow has smelt out the mast.

Rol. *(after a long silence, with his eyes fixed on Switzer)* What, and you too, friend—give me your hand.—Roller and Switzer for ever;—ay, to the pit of hell!

Speig. (cuts a caper) Up to the stars my boys! a free course to your Cæsars and your Catalines. Courage! off with your glasses. Here's a health to the god Mercury!

All (drinking) Here he goes!

Speig. Now for business! a twelvemonth hence we will be able to buy earldoms.

Swit. (muttering) Yes, if we are not broke on the wheel. *(they are going off)*

Rol Softly, my boys, softly—where are you going? the beast must have a head to his body. Rome and Sparta could never have stood without a chief.

Speig. (in a tone of compliãce) Yes, very right. Roller speaks to the purpose; you must have a chief, a man of talents, great reach, a politic head. Ha, ha! *(standing with his arms across)* when I think what you were a few minutes ago, and what a single lucky thought has made of you *now*. Yes, truly you must have a chief; and you'll own, that he that struck out a thought of that kind had a head-piece, wise, crafty, politic——

Rol. If there was any hope, any chance that, but I despair of his consent.

Speig. (cajoling) Why despair, my friend? difficult as it may be to guide the ship when she's buffeted by winds and waves, and however cumbersome may be the weight of a diadem, speak it out boldly, my boy. Perhaps—perhaps—he may be prevailed upon.

Rol. It will be all children's play if he's not our leader. Without Moor, we are a body without a soul. ✓

Speig (turning aside peevishly) Blockhead.

enter MOOR, with wild gestures, stalks to and fro, speaking to himself.

Moor. Men, men, false, treacherous crocodiles! your eyes are water; your hearts are iron; kisses on your lips, and poignards in your bosoms; the lion and the panther feed their whelps—the raven strips the carrion for her young; but man—man! whatever malice can devise I have learnt to bear—I could smile when my ene-

my quaffs my heart's blood. But when a father's love becomes a fury's hate—O then, let fire rage here where once humanity dwelt! the tender hearted lamb become a tyger—and every fibre of this tortured frame be braced, that I may scatter round me ruin and despair.

Rol. Harkee, Moor—what's your opinion—is'nt the life of a robber better than starving in a dungeon on bread and water?

Moor. Why did not this soul inhabit the tyger's bosom, that satiates his maw on human flesh? was that a father's kindness?—love for love—would I were a bear of the north, and could arm my ravenous kind against those murderers—to repent, and not to be forgiven? oh! I could poison the ocean, that they might drink death in every source. I trusted to his compassion—relied on it wholly—I found no pity.

Rol. Hear me, Moor, hear what I say.

Moor. It is incredible—all a dream. So earnest a request, a picture of misery so strong—contrition so sincere! the most savage beast would have melted to compassion—stones would have wept; and yet—If I should publish it to the world, it would not be believed—it would be thought a libel on the human species: and yet—oh, that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through all nature, and summon heaven, earth, and seas, to war against this savage race.

Grimm. Do you hear, Moor? this frenzy makes him deaf.

Moor. Begone; fly. Is not your name man? were not you born of woman? out of my sight with that human face I loved him with unutterable affection: no son ever loved a father so; I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him (*stamping with fury*) Ha? where is he that will put a sword in my hand, to extinguish with one mortal blow this viperous race? who will teach where to strike, that I might destroy the very germ of existence? oh; he were my friend, my angel, I would fall down and worship him.

Rol. We will be such friends. Listen to us Moor.

Grimm. Come with us to the forests of Bohemia—we'll form a troop of robbers—and thou. (*Moor stares stedfastly at him*)—

Swit. Thou shalt be our captain—thou *must* be our captain.

Speig. (*sits down in rage*) Slaves and paltrons.

Moor. Who put that thought in your head? tell me fellow! (*seizes Roller with a rough grasp*) that man's heart of thine never conceived the project! who put it in your head? yes, by the thousand arms of death: that we will—that we *shall* do; tis a thought worthy of divinity? robbers and assassins—as my soul lives, I will be your captain.

All. (*with a loud shout*) Long live our captain.

Speig. (*aside*) Till I give him his *mittimus*!

Moor. So now; the scales drop from my eyes! what a fool I was to think of returning to my cage: my soul thirsts for action, my spirit pants for liberty! robbers and assassins! with those words I set all laws at defiance. Man had no humanity when I appealed to humanity! pity and compassion! here let me throw you off for ever, I have no father—no affection more? come, death and murder be my masters! and teach me to forget that this heart e'er knew what fondness was? come to my soul ye fiends! now for some horrible exploit—tis resolved. I am your captain, and glory to him who most shall murder and destroy—he shall have a king's reward. Here stand around in a circle, and swear to be true to me till death

All. (*giving him their hands*) Till death! (*Speigelberg walks aside dissatisfied*)

Moor. And now, by this man's right hand, (*stretching out his hand*) I swear to be your faithful commander—till death! now by my soul I'll make a corse of him who first shows fear among you! and when I break my oath, be such my fate from you; are you agreed?

All. (*throwing their hats in the air*) We're all agreed. (*Speigelberg grins a malicious smile*)

Moor. Then let us go! fear neither danger nor death.

Over us presides a destiny that cannot be controlled, and each shall meet his end as fate decrees—on the down bed, or in the bloody field—the gibbet or the wheel! one of these deaths we die for certain? [exunt

Speig. The catalogue's defective? you have forgot treason.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE—*Moor's castle.*

FRANCIS DE MOOR *alone in his apartment.*

Fran. I've lost all patience with these doctors. An old man's life is an eternity. Must my towering plans creep the snail's pace of a dotard's lingering hours? could not one point out a new track for death to enter the fort? *kill the body by tearing of the soul!* ay, that were an original invention; he that should make that discovery were a second Columbus in the empire of death; think on that, Moor. Twere an art worthy to have thee for its inventor! how then shall we begin the work? what horrible emotion would have the force to break at once the thread of life? *rage?* no; that hungry wolf surfeits himself and regorges his meal; *grief?* that's a worm that lingers in the flesh, and mines his way too slowly! *fear?* no; hope blunts his dart, and will not let him strike his prey; what? are these our only executioners? is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? hum, hum! (*musings*) no more? ha! I have it; *terror* is the word?—terror! reason, religion, hope—all must give way before this giant fiend; and then—should he even bear the shock—there's more behind. *Anguish of mind*, come aid the imperfect work! *repentance*, gnawing viper of the soul—monster that dost ruminate thy baneful food? and thou *remorse!* that livest on thy mother's flesh, and

wast'st thine own inheritance: and you, even you, ye blissful years o'erpast, display your charms to memory's retrospect; and poison with your sweets the present hour; ye scenes of *future* bliss, combine to wound—show him the joys of paradise before him, and hold the dazzling mirror out to hope, but cheat his feeble grasp! thus let me play my battery of death—stroke after stroke incessant—till nature's mound is broken—and the whole troop of furies seize the soul, and end their work by horror and despair? triumphant thought; so now—the plan's my own: now for the work.

enter HERMAN.

Ha! *Deus ex machinâ*! Herman.

Her Herman, at your service, good sir.

Fran. (*gives him his hand*) I am much obliged to you, Herman, I am not ungrateful.

Her. I have proofs of that, sir.

Fran. You shall have more anon—anon, good Herman! I have something to tell you. Listen to me Herman

Her. I hear you with a thousand ears.

Fran. I know you well—you're resolute and brave—you have a soldier's heart? my father, Herman—by heavens he wrong'd you much.

Her. By hell, I won't forget it?

Fran. Spoken like a man? revenge becomes a man? I like you, Herman: here take this purse; it should be heavier, were I master here.

Her. Good sir, I thank you heartily. 'Tis my most earnest wish you were so.

Fran. Say you so, good Herman? do you really, do you in your heart wish me to be the master? but my father, he has the marrow of a lion in his bones; and I am but a younger son.

Her. I wish you were the elder—and he in the last stage of a consumption.

Fran. Ha! were that the case, the eldest son would not forget you, my friend. Then would he raise you

from the dust; from that low condition which so ill be-comes your merits—nay, your birth:—he would draw you forth into light: then should you roll in gold—a splendid equipage, then would—but I have wandered from what I meant to say. Have you forgot the fair Edelfreich, Herman?

Her. Thunder of heaven! why have you called up that idea?

Fran. You lost her. Twas my brother that was the conjuror there.——

Her. He shall pay dearly for it.

Fran. She dismissed you, I believe, and he thrust you down stairs.——

Her. I shall thrust him down to hell for that.

Fran. He used to say, twas whispered, that your father could never look at you, without smiting his breast, and crying, “god-a-mercy on my sins.”

Her. (*furiously*) Lightning blast him!—stop there!

Fran. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility to mend your stockings.

Her. Hell consume him! I'll tear his eyes out with these nails.——

Fran. What! you're exasperated at him. Poor Herman! what signifies your malice? what harm can you do to him?—what can a rat do to a lion?—your rage but makes his triumph the sweeter:—you have nothing for it but to grind your teeth in silence, to spend your fury in gnawing a dry crust.

Her. (*stamping*) I'll crush him, trample him beneath my feet!

Fran. (*clapping him on the shoulder*) Fie, Herman! you are a gentleman. This affront must not be put up with. You would not renounce the lady! no, not for the world—fire and fury! I would move heaven and earth if I were in your place!

Her. I will not rest till I have him under my feet.

Fran. Not quite so violent, Herman. Come near—
thou shalt have Amelia.

Her. That I will! in spite of hell, I'll have her!

Fran. You shall have her, I tell you—and from my hand. Come near! you dont know perhaps that Charles is as good as disinherited

Her (coming near) Impossible! I never heard a syllable of that.

Fran. Be quiet and listen! another time I'll tell you more of this. 'Tis now eleven months since he (my brother) has been in a manner banished. But the old man begins to repent the precipitate step. Though (*smiling*) I flatter myself it was not all his own doing neither; and the girl too, Amelia I mean, pursues him incessantly with her tears and reproaches. He'll be sending in quest of him, by and by, all over the world; and if he's found, good night to you, Herman! you may then make your obeisance, and open the coach-door when he goes to church with her.

Her. I'll strangle him at the altar!

Fran. My father will soon give up his estates to him, and live in retirement at his solitary castle. Then that proud hot-headed blusterer will have the reins in his own hand, and laugh his enemies to scorn; and I, Herman, and I, who would make a man of you, and load you with riches, I myself must make my humble obeisance at his door.

Her. (warmly) No, as sure as my name is Herman, that shall never be!

Fran. Will you prevent it? you too, my dear Herman, must sink beneath his scourge. He'll spit in your face when he meets you in the streets; and woe be to you if you but shrug a shoulder, or crook your mouth at him! ay—there's the amount of all your fine prospects, your hopes of love, your mighty plans.—

Her (eagerly) Tell me then what I must do.

Fran. Hear then, Herman! you see how I enter into your feelings like a true friend. Go change your clothes—disguise yourself so as not to be known—get yourself announced to the old man as one that is just returned from Hungary—give out, that you were with my

brother in the last battle, and present when he breathed his last upon the field!

Har. Will they believe me;

Fran. Poh! let me alone for that—take this packet—here you'll find a commission, and all the necessary documents, that would convince suspicion itself. Only be quick in getting out, and take care you are not seen. Slip out by the back door into the court, and thence over the garden wall. As for the winding up of the plot, leave that to me.

Her. And then it will be, long live our new master, our noble lord, Francis de Moor

Fran. (*patting him on the cheek*) Ha! what a cunning rogue you are—you see it at the first glance, for look'ye, how sure and how quick the project works—Amelia's hopes are gone at once—the old man lays his son's death at his own door—he falls sick—a tottering house does not need an earthquake to bring it down—he'll never outlive your intelligence—then—then am I his only son—Amelia has lost every support, and is the plaything of my will—then you may easily guess what follows—you—in short all goes to a wish. But you must not flinch from your word.

Her. Flinch! did you say? the ball might as soon fly back to the cannon! you may depend on me. Farewel.

Fran. (*running after him*) Remember tis all for yourself that you are working (*follows him with his eyes to the end of the stage—and then breaks out into an infernal laugh*) Keen, earnest to a wish! how impetuously the blockhead throws off his honesty, to snatch at an object, that the smallest spark of common sense must convince him he can never attain. (*peevishly*) No, that's unpardonable! this fellow is an arrant knave—and yet he trusts to one's promise, it costs him nothing to deceive an honest man—and yet when deceived himself he never will forgive it. Is this the boasted lord of the creation? Pardon me, dame nature, if I owe you a grudge for that form you have given me Complete your work, by stripping me of every vestige of humani-

ty Man! thou hast forfeited all my regard—nor in my conscience do I think there is the smallest crime in straining every nerve to injure thee. [exit

SCENE—*count de Moor's bed chamber.*

the COUNT asleep, AMELIA.

Amel. Softly, oh softly let me tread—he sleeps. (*she stops and looks at him*) How good! how venerable? such is the countenance with which they paint the blessed saints! angry with thee: oh no—with that grey head! oh never, never! (*scatters roses on the bed*) sweet be thy slumber, as the rose's sweet perfume. May the image of my Charles visit your dreams! may you wake in a bed of roses! I too will go and sleep amidst perfumes; mine is the rosemary. (*goes a few steps*)

O. Moor. (*in his sleep*) My Charles, my Charles.

Amel. Hark! his guardian angel has heard my prayer, (*coming near him*) tis sweet to breathe the air in which his name was uttered. I will remain.

O. Moor (*still in his sleep*) Are you there? are you truly there? ah! do not look so pitiful upon me; I am miserable already. (*stirs restlessly*)

Amel. (*wakens him hastily*) Uncle; my dear uncle! 'twas but a dream.

O. Moor. (*half awake*) Was he not there? had I not his hand in mine? is not this the smell of roses? o hateful Francis, will you not let me dream of him!

Amel. (*drawing back*) Mark'st thou that, Amelia?

O. Moor. (*wakens*) Where am I? you here, my niece!

Amel. You had a delightful slumber, uncle.

O. Moor. I was dreaming of my Charles. Why did they break my dreams? I might have had my pardon from his mouth.

Amel. (*passionately*) His pardon! angels have no resentment. He forgives thee. (*pressing his hand*) Father of my Charles, I forgive thee too.

O. Moor. No, no, my child,—that wan cheek,—that deadly pale bears witness,—in spite of thee! poor girl! I have blasted all the promise of thy spring,—all thy joys of youth. Do not forgive me,—but oh, do not curse me.

Amel. Can there be a curse of love? * here it is then, my father (*kisses his hand with tenderness*)

O. Moor. (*rising from the bed*) What's here, my child? roses? did you strew these roses here? on me? on me, who killed your Charles?

Amel. I strewed them on his father! (*falling on his neck*) On him I cannot strew them.

O Moor. With what delight wouldst thou have done so! and yet, my child, unknowingly tis done;—for see,—know you that picture? (*drawing aside the curtain of the bed*)

Amel. (*rushing towards the picture*) 'Tis Charles!

O. Moor. Such was he in his sixteenth year—but now how changed—I shudder to think upon it. That sweetness, now fell misanthropy—that smile, despair! is't not so, Amelia?—It was upon his birth-day, in the bower of jessamine, that you drew that picture of him.

Amel. O, never will I forget that day—past and gone for ever. He sat just before me; a ray of the setting sun shone full upon his face, and his dark locks floated carelessly on his neck. O, in that hour twas all the woman here—the artist was forgot—the pencil fell from my hand; and my trembling lips fed, in imagination, on every line and trace of that dear countenance. My heart was full of the original. The weak, inanimate touches fell feebly on the canvas—languid as those faint traces memory bears of music that is past!—†

* GERM. *Die liebe hat nur einen fluch gelernt.*
Love has learnt but one curse.

† GERM. *Gestriche adagio.* Soft music of yesterday.

O Moor. Say on: continue thus! these images bring back past time. O my child, I was so happy in your loves.

Amel. (*keeping her eyes still on the picture*) No, no, it is not he! no, no, by heaven, tis not my Charles!—here, (*striking her heart and her forehead*) here he is quite himself—so like—but there so different. The pencil can give no idea of the soul that spoke in his countenance. Away with it—tis a poor image—an ordinary man. Oh, I was a mere novice in the art!

enter DANIEL.

Dan. There is a man without who wishes to see you, sir. He says he brings you tidings of importance.

O Moor. To me, Amelia, there is but one subject of such tidings—you know it.—Perhaps tis some poor wretch who comes to me for charity—for relief: he shall not go hence in sorrow. [*exit Daniel.*]

Amel. A beggar! and he is let in at once!

O Moor. Amelia, oh spare me, my child.

enter FRANCIS, HERMAN in disguise, and DANIEL.

Fran. Here is the man, sir. He says he has terrible news for you. Can you bear to hear it, sir?

O Moor. I know but one thing terrible to hear.—Speak it out friend. Give him a cup of wine.

Her. (*in a feigned voice*) Will your honor take no offence at a poor man because he brings you bad news? tis against my will. I am a stranger in this country—but I know you well: you are the father of Charles de Moor.

O Moor. How know you that?

Her. I know your son——

Amel. Is he alive? is he alive?—do you know him?—where is he? where, where? (*is running out*)

O Moor. Do you know my son?

Her. He studied at the university of Leipzick: whither he went from thence I know not. He wandered all over Germany bare-headed and bare-footed, as

he told me himself, and begged his bread from doot to door. About five months afterwards that terrible war broke out between the poles and turks, and being quite desperate, he followed the victorious army of king Matthias to the town of Pest. Give me leave, said he, to the king, to die on the bed of heroes. I am fatherless.

O. Moor. O do not look at me, Amelia.

Her. He got a pair of colours; he accompanied Matthias in his victories; he and I slept in the same tent; often did he speak of his old father, of the days of his former happiness, and of his blasted hopes—till his eyes ran over at the thought.

O. Moor. (*hiding his face*) Enough, enough, no more! —

Her. Eight days after we had a hot engagement. Your son behaved like a gallant soldier; he did prodigies that day, as the whole army witnessed; he saw five regiments successively relieved, and he kept his ground. A whole shower of fire was poured in on every quarter: your son kept his ground. A ball shattered his right hand; he seized the colours with the left, and still he kept his ground.

Amel (*in transport*) He kept his ground, father, he kept his ground.

Her. On the evening of the day of battle, I found him lying on the field, on that same spot. With his left hand he was stopping the blood that flowed from a large wound. He had buried his right hand in the earth. Comrade, said he, I am told that our general has fallen. He has, answered I. Then, said he, let every brave soldier follow his commander. He took his hand from the wound; and in a few moments breathed his last, like a hero.

Fran. (*pretending rage*) Curst be that tongue! may it be dumb for ever. Wretch, are you come here to be our father's executioner? to murder him? (*to Amelia & O. Moor*)—My father! Amelia! my dear father!

Her. It was the last request of my dying comrade. Take this sword, said he, in a faltering voice: carry it

to my father. It is markt with the blood of his son. Tell him, his malediction was my doom: twas that which made me rush on battle and on death; I die in despair. The last word he uttered was, *Amelia*.

Amel (*as if roused from a deep reverie*) The last word was *Amelia*!

O. Moor. (*with a dreadful shriek and tearing his hair*) My malediction was his death. He died in despair!

Her. Here is the sword, and here a picture that he took from his bosom at the same time. Methinks it is this lady's picture. This, said he, my brother Francis will——what more he would have said, I know not.

Fran. (*with astonishment*) To me, that picture? to me? *Amelia*, to me?

Amel (*coming up to Herman with violence*) Impostor! villain, base, hired, perfidious villain! (*seizes him rudely*)

Her. Madam, I know nothing of it. Look at it yourself. See whether it is your picture: perhaps you gave it him yourself.

Fran. By heavens, *Amelia*, tis your picture—yours, as I live!

Amel. (*giving it back*) Tis mine—tis mine! o heaven and earth!

O. Moor. (*with agony*) Oh, oh! my malediction was his death! he died in despair.

Fran. He thought of me in the last moment of existence: of me!—blessed spirit——(*to Herman*) when the hand of death was on him——

O. Moor. Twas my curse forced him to the field—he died by my hand—he died in despair.

Her. (*with real emotion, and much agitated*) I cannot stand it; this sight of misery unman me. My lord, farewell. (*aside to Francis*) Have you a heart? how could you do this? [*exit hastily*]

Amel. Stay, stay. What was his last word?

Her. (*coming back*) With his last breath he sighed *Amelia*. [*exit*]

Amel. Amelia with his last sigh! no, thou art no impostor—it is true—alas, too true! he is dead—my Charles is dead!

Fran. What do I see? what is that upon the sword? written in blood—Amelia!

Amel. With his blood?

Fran. Am I in a dream? or is it really so?—look at these characters—they are traced in blood; “*Francis, do not abandon my Amelia!*” See again—see here, on the other side, “*Amelia, death has freed you from your vows!*” Do you mark that? with his dying hand he traced it; he wrote it with his heart’s blood—yes, on the awful brink of eternity he wrote it.

Amel. Almighty God! it is his hand—o horrible, he never loved me [exit

Fran. (*aside with vexation*) The dotard has a heart of adamant! thus buffeted, and yet unbroken—all my art is lost upon him.

O. Moor. O misery! my child, my daughter, do not abandon me. (*to Francis*) Wretch, give me back my son.

Fran. Who was it that gave him his malediction? who was it that made him rush on battle and on death? who drove him to despair? oh, he was a noble youth! a curse upon his murderers!

O. Moor. (*beating his breast and forehead*) A curse! a curse! curse on the father who murdered his own son! I am that unnatural father. He loved me even in death: to expiate my vengeance, he rushed on battle and on death. Monster that I am; oh monster!

Fran. (*with malignant irony*) He’s dead; what signifies this idle lamentation. ‘Tis easier to murder a man than to bring him alive.

O. Moor. Wretch, it was you who made me throw him off: who forced that malediction from my heart? it was you—you!—oh, give me back my son!

Fran. Rouse not my fury. I abandon you in death!

O. Moor. Monster, inhuman monster, give me back my son. (*rises furiously, and endeavors to seize Francis*

by the throat, who runs out) Ten thousand curses on thy head! lightning of heaven consume thee! thou hast robbed me of my only son. *(sinks down)* Oh, oh—to be in despair, and not to die! they abandon me in death. Is my good angel fled? yes, every angel must desert the murderer, the hoary murderer. Oh, oh! will none for pity hold this head? will none release this spirit?—no son, no daughter, no friend!—is there to be found not one kind—oh, despair—and not to die.

(he faints)

Amel. (coming slowly in, sees him and shrieks) Dead, quite dead!

SCENE, the forests of Bohemia.

RAZMAN *enters from one side of the stage, and*
SPEIGELBERG, *with a band of robbers, from*
the other

Raz. Welcome, comrade, welcome, my brave fellow, to the forests of Bohemia. *(they embrace)* Where have you ranged, in lightning and in tempest? whence come you now?

Speig. Piping hot from the fair of Leipzick. There was rare sport! ask Schusterle; he has joined our captain's great troop on the road. *(sitting down on the ground)* And how has it fared with you since we left you? how goes the trade?—I could tell you of such pranks, my boy, that you would forego your dinner to hear them.

Raz. I have no doubt on't—we heard of you in all the newspapers. But where the devil have you picked up all this canaille? blood and thunder! you've brought us a little army—you recruit like a hero.

Speig. Han't I? ay, and a set of clever dogs too. Hang up your hat in the sun, and I'll lay you five pounds tis gone in a twinkling, and the devil himself shan't tell where.

Raz. (laughing) The captain will make you welcome with these brave boys. He has got some fine fellows too.

Speig Pshaw, your captain! put his men and mine in comparison—bha!

Raz Well, well, yours may have good fingers; but I tell you our captain's reputation has got him some brave fellows: men of honor.

Speig. So much the worse.

enter GRIMM, running.

Raz. What now? who's there? are there travellers in the forest?

Grimm Quick, quick! where are the rest? zounds, why do you stand chattering there? dont you know—poor Roller?

Raz What now? what of him?

Grimm. He's hang'd, that's all—he and four more.

Raz Roller? what?—when?—where did you hear of it?

Grimm. We heard nothing of him for three weeks.—He was all that time in jail, and we knew nothing of it: he was three times put to the rack, to make him discover his captain: the brave fellow never squeak'd Yesterday he got his sentence—and this morning—he went off express to the devil

Raz What a damned affair! has the captain heard of it?

Grimm. He heard of it only yesterday: he is foaming with rage: you know he was always fond of Roller; and now that he had underwent the rack—we got ropes and a ladder to try to get him out—but it was all in vain—Moor himself put on the dress of a capuchin, and got in to him He endeavored to persuade him to change clothes with him—but Roller positively refused. And this morning the captain has sworn an oath, that made all our hairs stand on end! he vows he will light him such a funeral pile as never king had; the town itself, I fear, will go for it: he has long owed them a spite for their intolerable bigotry; and you know, when he says, "I'll do it," 'tis as good as if he had done it already.

Raz. Poor Roller!

Speig. "*Memento mori.*" What care I? (*sings*)—

*The gallows, my boys, whene'er I pass by,
I cock my left eye, and I blink with the t'other ;
When I see the poor rogue on't says I my dear brother,
You may hang there for me—who's the fool, you or I ?
Tol de rol, tol de rol.**

Raz. (*hastily rising*) Hark, a shot ! (*a great noise of huzzaing*)

Speig. Another !

Raz. And another ! tis the captain. (*a noise of singing behind the scenes*)

*The wittols of Nuremberg these are the men !
They ne'er hang a thief till they catch him ! Da Capo.*

(*Roller's voice is heard, and Switzer's*) Halloa, halloa !

Raz. Roller's voice or a thousand devils seize me !

Swit and Rol. (*still behind the scenes*) Razman, Grimm, Speigelberg, Razman.

Raz. Roller; thunder and lightning; fire and fury !
(*they run to meet them*)

*enter MOOR, as dismounting, ROLLER, SWITZER,
SCHUFTERLE, and the whole band, all bespattered,
as from the road.*

Moor. Liberty, liberty, my boys. Roller is free—
take my horse, and dash a bottle of wine over him.
(*throws himself on the ground*) Twas hot work !

Raz. (*to Roller*) By the forge of Pluto, you have had
a resurrection from the wheel !

* ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

*When a gibbet I pass,
I am not such an ass
As to blubber and think of my end ;
But I shut my left eye,
Nod and wink, while I cry
Rather you there than I, honest friend*

Speig. Are you his ghost? or are you flesh and blood?

Rol. (*quite breathless*) Flesh and blood, my boy. Where do you think I come from?

Grimm. Who the devil knows? ask the witch on whose broomstick you rode. Hadn't you received sentence?

Rol. Ay, truly; and something more. I was at the foot of the gallows, man——stay till I get my breath——Switzer will tell you. Give me a glass of brandy——Are you there, Maurice? come back too? I thought to have met you somewhere else. Give me a glass of brandy. I have not one bone sticking to another—that damn'd rack! the captain; where's my captain?

Raz. Have patience, man, have patience. Come, tell us, tell us; how did you escape? how came you off? I am in a maze. From the foot of the gallows, did you say?

Rol. (*drinks off a bumper of brandy*) Ha, that smacks;—'t has the right bite;—straight from the gallows, my boy.——You stare at me:—what, you don't believe it! I was but three steps off from Abraham's bosom: no more. You would not have given a pinch of snuff for my life. 'Twas my captain; I thank my captain for my breath, my liberty, my life.

Swit. Hah, 'twas a trick worth the telling. It was but yesterday we got notice by our spies that Roller lay snug in pickle;* and that unless the sky fell, or some such accident, before morning—that's to day, he would be gone the way of all flesh. Come, said the captain, shall our friend swing, and we do nothing for him? save him or not, I promise you, I'll light him such a pile, as few have seen the like. He gave his orders to the band. We sent a trusty fellow, who contrived to give Roller notice, by slipping a scrap of paper in his soup.

Rol. I had no hopes of the thing succeeding.

* GERM. *Leige tuchtig in saltz.*

Swit. We watched for the moment when every thing was quiet—the streets deserted—every mortal gone to see the sight—horse, foot, coaches, all pell-mell. We heard even the noise at the gallows, and the psalm singing. Now, said the captain, now's the time: set fire! our fellows darted like a shot through the whole town—set fire to it at once in three-and-thirty different places; threw burning matches on the powder-magazine, into the churches, and the store-houses. Sdeath, it was scarcely a quarter of an hour when a brisk gale from the north-east, which certainly owed them a spite, gave us all the help we wished; and in a moment the whole town was in a whirlwind of fire. We ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, "Fire, fire!" in every quarter. Then there was such a horrible noise and confusion—the great bells were set a ringing—the powder-magazine blew up. 'Twas as if heaven, earth, and hell had all gone together.

Rol. Then my attendants began to look behind them. 'Twas like Sodom and Gomorrah; the whole town in a blaze: sulphur, smoke, and fire:—all the range of hills re-echoed with the explosion. The terror was universal:—now was the time:—they had taken off my irons; so very near was it;—touch and go; off I went like an arrow:—out of sight in a moment, while they stood petrified, like Lot's wife. Luckily I had but a few paces to run to the river. I tore off my clothes, jumped in, and swam under water till I thought they had lost sight of me. Our brave captain was on t'other side with horses ready, and clothes for me. And here, my boys, here I am. Moor, Moor, my brave fellow—I wish only you were in the same scrape, that I might pay off the debt.

Raz. Spoke like a brute; a beast that ought to be hang'd. Egad, it was a masterly stroke.

Rol. Ay, so it was. A friend in need is a friend indeed, say I; but you can't judge of it. No, unless you had the rope about your neck, and were walking all alive to your grave. Then those hellish preparations—

and every foot you went, a step nearer that curst machine which met you so full in view---clear---damnably illuminated by the rising sun;* then the executioner and his men, sneaking behind you--and that horrid psalm-singing. Zounds, my ears are yet ringing with the twang; and then the croaking of a whole legion of carrion crows that had been feasting on the precious remnant of my predecessor, who hung there half rotted away. But above all, the hellish joy that those rascals expressed when they saw me coming. Oh, I shall never forget it. No, for all the treasures of Cræsus, I would not undergo that again. Dying! zounds, tis no more than cutting a caper--tis what goes before, that's the devil.

Speig. And the powder-magazine was blown in the air? that accounts for the stink of brimstone we smelt far and near, as if the devil's wardrobe had been hung out to air.

Swit. If they made a holiday for the hanging of our poor comrade, why shouldn't we make a holiday for the burning of their town when he was to escape by it. Schusterle, can you tell how many were killed?

Schuf. Eighty-three, they say; the steeple alone crushed sixty of them.

Moor. (*in a serious tone*) Roller, you were dearly bought.

Schuf. Pah, pah, what signifies all that? indeed, if they had been men—but they were babies in leading-strings, mere bantlings—or old beldames, their nurses—and perhaps a few poor atomies that had not strength to crawl to their doors—all that had any soul or spirit in them were at the show. Twas the mere scum, the dregs that staid at home.

Moor. Poor wretches! the old, the decrepid, and the infants!

* The executions in Germany are performed at day-break.

Schuf. Ay, a few sick wretches too—women in labor, perhaps, or just at the downlying. Ha, ha, in passing one of those little barracks, I heard some squalling---I peep'd in, and what do you think it was? a child, a stout little rogue, that lay on the floor beneath a table, and the fire just catching it. Poor little fellow, said I, you are starving for cold there---and so I chuck'd him into the fire

Moor. Did you so? may that fire burn in thy bosom till eternity grows grey. Out of my sight, monster---never be seen in my troop again! (*some of the robbers begin to murmur*) What, you murmur, do ye? who dares to murmur, when I command?---out of my sight, I say, sir-- there are others among you who are ripe for my indignation. Spiegelberg, I know you. It won't be long ere I call over the roll, and I'll make such a muster as shall make you all tremble. (*they go out much agitated*)

Moor. (*alone, walking backwards and forwards in great agitation*) Hear it not, o God of vengeance! am I to blame for this? do not the instruments of thy wrath, the pestilence, flood, and famine, overwhelm at once the righteous and the guilty?—who can command the flames to stay their course, to destroy only the noxious vermin, and spare the fertile field? poor fool! o shame, hast thou then presumptuously dared to wield Jove's thunder, and with thy aimless arm to let the Titan 'scape while the poor pigmy suffers?—go, slave! tis not for thee to wield the sword of the Most High! behold thy first essay —here then I renounce the rash design—hence let me seek some cavern of the earth to hide me—to hide my shame from the eye of day! (*is going out*)

enter ROLLER.

Rol. Take care of yourself, captain—the spirits are walking—there are several troops of bohemian horsemen patrolling all around us—that cursed Blueshanks must have betrayed us.

enter GRIMM.

Grimm. Captain, captain, we are discovered, tracked! there's a circle drawn in the forest, and some thousands surrounding us!

enter SPEIGELBERG.

Speig. O lord, o lord, o lord, we are all taken—every man of us hang'd, drawn and quarter'd—ten thousand hussars, dragoons, and yaagers, have got to the heights above us and block'd up all the passes. [*Moor exit*

enter SWITZER, RAZMAN, SCHUFTERLE, and other robbers, from every side of the stage.

Swit. Ha, have we unkennel'd them at last? give you joy, Roller! 'tis long since I wish'd to have a fair tilting bout with the regulars. Where is the captain? is all the band assembled? have we ammunition enough?

Raz. Plenty of that—but we're only eighty in all—not one to twenty!

Swit. So much the better—these poor dogs are shot at for sixpence—we fight for life and liberty—we'll pour down on them like a deluge—give them a volley like thunder! where the devil is our captain?

Speig. He deserts us at this extremity. Is there no way left for an escape then?

Swit. Escape! coward, you gape there with your lantern jaws, and when you hear a shot—zounds, sirrah! show your face in the ranks, or you shall be sew'd alive in a boar-skin and thrown to the dogs!

Raz. The captain, the captain!

enter MOOR, with a slow pace.

Moor. (apart) I find that we are completely surrounded—they must fight like desperadoes—Well, my boys, we're tied to the stake—one choice—fight or die!

Swit. Ha! I'll rip them up alive! lead us on, captain, we'll follow you to the gates of hell!

Moor. Load all your muskets. Have you powder enough?

Swit. (*starting up*) Powder enough ! ay, to blow the earth up to the moon !

Raz. Each of us has five pair of pistols loaded, and three carbines

Moor. That is well--some of you must get upon the trees, and others conceal themselves in the thickets, and fire upon them in ambush.

Swit. Spiegelberg, that will be your post.

Moor. The rest will follow me and fall like furies on their flank.

Swit. I'll be one, by heavens !

Moor. Every man must sound his whistle, and gallop through the wood, that our numbers may appear the more terrible. We must let loose all our dogs, and spirit them to fly at the ranks and throw them into confusion, that they may run upon our fire. We three, Roller, Switzer, and I, will fight wherever the main force is. (*trumpet sounds*)

enter a COMMISSARY.

Grimm. Ha ! here comes one of the blood-hounds of justice !

Swit. Down with him. Dont let him open his mouth !

Moor. Peace there ! I'll hear what he has to say.

Com. With your leave, gentlemen. I have in my person the full authority of justice ; and there are eight hundred soldiers here at hand, who watch over every hair of my head.

Swit. A very persuasive argument to stay our stomachs.

Moor. Comrade, be quiet ! speak sir, and be brief.—What are your commands ?

Com. I come, sir, by authority of that august magistrate who decides upon life and death ; and I have one word for you and two for your band.

Moor. Which is ?——(*resting upon his sword*)

Com. Abominable wretch ! are not those cursed hands imbrued in the noble blood of a count of the empire ?—

hast thou not with a sacrilegious arm, broke open the sanctuary of the Lord, and impiously carried off all the consecrated vessels? hast thou not set fire to our most upright and sanctified city, and blown up our holy powder magazine over the heads of many pious christians? (*clasp ing his hands*) abomination of abominations! the horrible savour of thy sins has ascended to heaven, and may bring on the day of judgment before its time, to punish such a wicked—infernal monster!

Moor. A masterly oration!—but now to the point in hand. What doth the most august magistrate please to inform me by your mouth?

Com. What you never will be worthy to receive — Look around you, you horrible incendiary—as far as your eye can reach, you are surrounded by our horsemen. Escape is impossible—you may as soon expect these stunted oaks and pines to bear peaches and berries.

Moor. Hear you that, comrades?—but go on, sir.

Com. Hear then how merciful, how long-suffering is justice. If this very moment you lay down your arms, and humbly intreat for a mitigation of your punishment, then justice will be like an indulgent mother—she will shut her eyes on one half of your horrible crimes—and only condemn you—think well of it—to be broken alive upon the wheel!

Swit. Captain, shall I cut his throat?

Rol. Hell, fire, and fury? captain!—how he bites his lip; shail I cut this fellow down like a cabbage!

Moor. Dont touch him—let none of you dare to lay a finger on him. Harkee, sir! (*to the Commissary in a solemn tone*) There are here seventy nine of us, and I, their captain. Not a man of us has been taught to trot at a signal, or dance to the music of artillery; and on your side are eight hundred disciplined troops, staunch and experienced veterans. Now, hear me, sir! hear Moor, the captain of these incendiaries. It is true I have assassinated a count of the empire. It is true I have burnt and plundered the church of the dominicans. It is true I have set fire to your bigotted town, and blown

up your powder magazine. But I have done more than all that. Look here, (*holding out his hand*) at these four rings of value. This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister whom I cut down at the chase, at his prince's feet. He had built his fortune on the miseries of his fellow creatures, and his elevation was mark'd by the tears of the fatherless and the widow. This diamond I took from a treasurer-general, who made a traffic of offices of trust, and sold honors, the rewards of merit, to the highest bidder. This cornelian I wear in honor of a priest whom I dispatched with my own hand, for his most pious and passionate lamentation over the fall of the inquisition. I could expatiate at large, sir, on the history of these rings, did I not already repent that I have wasted words on a man unworthy to hear me.

Com. Is there so much pride in a vile felon?

Moor. Stop, sir. I shall now talk with some pride. Go, tell your august magistrate—he that throws the dice on life and death—tell him, I am none of those banditti who are in compact with sleep, and with the midnight hour—I scale no walls in the dark, and force no locks to plunder. What I have done shall be engraven in that book where all the actions of mankind are recorded—in the eternal register of heaven. But with you, poor ministers of earthly justice, I hold no further communing. I tell your master, that my trade is the *lex talionis*; like for like:—vengeance is my trade! (*turns away with contempt*)

Com. You refuse then to hearken to the voice of mercy! if that is the case, I have done with you. (*turns to the band*) Hear, you fellows—hear the voice of justice! if you immediately deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, you shall have a full pardon—even the remembrance of your crimes shall be blotted out—our holy mother church will open her bosom to receive you, like the strayed sheep of the flock—you shall be purified in the waters of regeneration, and every one of you shall get posts and places! here—read with your own eyes—here is a general pardon—signed and sealed. (*gives Switzer*

a paper with an air of triumph) Well, how does your majesty like that?—come, courage! bind your leader hand and foot—and be free.

Moor. Do you hear that, fellows? hear you that? why stand you thus in amaze? what stops you? how can you hesitate? you are already prisoners, and you have an offer of your liberty——you are already under sentence of death, and you have an offer of your lives——you are promised honors, places, and emoluments—and what can you gain, even if you conquer, but execration, infamy and persecution?—you have the grace of heaven offered to you, and at present you are in a state of reprobation—not a hair of your heads but must blaze in everlasting flames!—how now, still in doubt? is it so difficult to make a choice between heaven and hell?—help me to persuade them, mr. Commissary.

Com. What can be that devil's name that speaks out of his mouth? he makes me all quiver. (*apart*)

Moor. What! have you no answer? do you hope to gain your liberty by your swords? look around you—look well, 'tis impossible—twere to think like children. Perhaps you flatter yourselves with an honorable death, that you'll fight like men, and die like heroes—you think so because you have seen *Moor* exult amid scenes of carnage and of horror—o, never dream it—there's none of you a *Moor*. You are a set of miserable thieves—poor instruments of my great designs—despicable as the cord in the hands of the hangman! no, no; a thief cannot die like a hero—a thief may be allowed to quake at the sight of death. (*trumpets sound*) Hark how those trumpets echo through the forest! see how their sabres gleam! what! still irresolute? are you mad? do you think I thank you for my life? not at all—I disdain the sacrifice you are making! (*the sound of warlike instruments is heard*)

Com. (*in astonishment*) This is beyond belief! never did I see a man like this. I must make off! (*apart*)

Moor. You are afraid, perhaps, that I shall destroy myself, and that, as the bargain is to deliver me alive,

that may break it. Your fears are groundless. See, there is my dagger, my pistols, and, what I have always carried with me, my poison!— (*throws them away*) what! not determin'd yet? but perhaps you think I shall struggle when you seize me. Look here—I tie my right hand to this branch of an oak! now I am quite defenceless—a child might overpower me. Now come on! who will be the first to betray his captain?

Rol (*with frantic violence*) Ay, if all hell should open! who is the scoundrel that will betray his captain?*

Swit. (*tears the pardon in pieces, and throws it in the Commissary's face*) There! our pardon is at the mouth of our muskets—tell your magistrate, that you have not found one traitor in all our band. Huzza, save the captain; huzza, save the captain!

All. Save the captain; save him! save our noble captain! (*Commissary goes off hastily*)

Moor. (*untwisting his hand from the tree, and in a transport of joy*) Now, my brave lads—now we are free indeed. I have a whole host in this single arm—Death or liberty! we shall not leave a man of them alive! (*they sound the charge with great noise, and exeunt sword in hand*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE—a garden.

Amelia, sitting in a pensive attitude. Enter FRANCIS.
Both in deep mourning.

Fran. What, still here, my little enthusiast? you stole

* GERM. *Wur hund kein ist rette den Hauptman.*
He who is not a dog, let him save his captain.

away from our entertainment. My guests were in charming spirits, but you disturb'd all our mirth

Amel. Shame on such mirth! when your father's funeral dirge is yet sounding in your ears.

Fran. What, still sorrowing? will those pretty eyes never be dry? come, let the dead sleep in their graves, and be thou the joy of the living. I am just come——

Amel. And when do you depart?

Fran. Fie now! why that haughty, that severe countenance? I come to inform you——

Amel. That Francis de Moor is now lord and master.

Fran. Precisely so. It was upon that subject I wanted to talk with you. Maximilian de Moor is gone to sleep with his fathers. I am now the lord of these domains, and all that they contain. Pardon me, Amelia: I wish to be the lord of *all*. You know that you were properly a part of our family. You know my father regarded you as his own child: you have not forgotten him, Amelia: you never will forget him.

Amel. Never, sir! never; no banquet, no mirth and revelry, shall banish his idea from my mind.

Fran. Pious affection! but what you owed to the father, the son sure now may claim; and Charles being dead. Ha! you are surprised! overwhelmed! are you not? ay truly, so flattering a thought, a prospect so brilliant, and that so suddenly presented to your mind, was too much even for woman's pride—that Francis de Moor should spurn the proud ambition of the noblest families, and offer at the feet of a poor orphan, destitute and helpless, his heart, his hand, his wealth, these castles and domains! he, whom all envy, all fear, declares himself Amelia's voluntary slave.

Amel. Why does the lightning sleep? nor cleave that impious tongue? curs'd wretch! my Charles's murderer! and thou hopest to be the husband of Amelia? thou.

Fran. Less heat, my princess! not quite so high a tone! think not you have a lover who will bow at a distance, and sigh, and coo, and woo you like a Celadon:

No ; Francis de Moor has not learnt, like the arcadian swains, to breathe his amorous plaints to caves, and rocks, and echoes. He speaks ; and when he is not answered, he commands.

Amel Worm ! reptile ! thou command ? command me ? and if I laugh to scorn your commands, what then ?

Fran. A cloister and imprisonment. I know how to tame, a stubborn female spirit.

Amel. Ha ! excellent ! welcome the cloister and imprisonment, that hides me from the glances of that basilisk—there I shall be free to think of Charles, to dwell on that dear image. Away, away ! haste to that blest abode !

Fran. Is it so then ? thanks for that instruction—now I have learnt the art to gall you. This head, armed like another fury with her snakes, shall fright your Charles from your heart. The horrible Francis shall lurk behind the picture of your lover, like the hound of hell. I will drag you by the locks to the altar, and, with my dagger, force from your quivering lips the nuptial oath.

Amel. (*strikes him*) Take this love token first.

Fran. Hah ! tenfold, and twice tenfold, shall be my vengeance. My wife ! no, that honor you never shall enjoy—you shall be my wench, my paramour. The honest peasant's wife shall point at you, shall hoot you in the streets. Ay grind your teeth ? dart fire and murder from those eyes. A woman's fury is my joy, and pastime ; it makes her lovelier—more desirable ! these struggles shall enhance my triumph. How sweet is enjoyment when thus forced, thus ravi-hed. Come to the altar—this instant come (*endeavors to force her*)

Amel (*throwing herself about his neck*) Pardon me, Francis. (*when going to take her in his arms, she draws his sword, and steps back a few paces*) Seest thou now, villain, what I can do ? I am a woman, but a woman, roused—dare to come near me, and this steel—my uncle's spirit shall guide it to thy heart. Fly me this instant ! (*she pursues him out with the sword*) Ah !

now I am at ease! I can breathe again. I felt a tyger's rage, the mettled courser's strength. To a cloister, did he say? thanks for that blessed thought! love, forlorn and hopeless love, finds there a kind retreat! the grave of buried love. [exit]

SCENE—the banks of the Danube.

the ROBBERS stationed on a height, while their horses are grazing on the declivity below.

Moor. I must rest here (*he throws himself on the ground*) My joints are shook asunder; my tongue cleaves to my mouth, dry as a potsherd. I would beg of some of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death (*while he is speaking, Switzer goes out unperceived*)

Grimm. Our wine-cantines are empty long ago.

Moor. How glorious, how majestic yonder setting sun! (*lost in contemplation*) tis thus the hero falls: tis thus he dies—in godlike majesty.

Grimm. The sight affects you. Captain!

Moor. When I was yet a boy, a mere child, it was my favorite thought, my wish to live like him! (*looking earnestly on the sun*) like him to die. (*suppressing his anguish*) 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit!—

Grimm. It was so.

Moor (*pulling his hat over his eyes*) There was a time. Leave me, my friends, alone

Grimm Moor, Moor! 'sdeath! how his countenance changes!

Raz. Zounds! what is the matter with him? is he ill?

Moor. There was a time, when I could not sleep, if I had but forgot my evening prayer.

Grimm Have you lost your senses? what! yet a school boy! twere fit indeed such thoughts should vex you.

Moor. (*resting his head on Grimm's bosom*) Brother, brother!

Grimm. Come, come—be not a child.

Moor. A child! oh that I were a child once more!

Grimm. Fie, fie! clear up that cloudy brow! look yonder, what a landscape! what a lovely evening.

Moor. Ay my friend! that scene so noble! this world so beautiful.

Grimm. Why that's stalking like a man.

Moor. This earth so grand.

Grimm. Well said! that's what I like.

Moor. And I so hideous in this world of beauty—and I a monster on this magnificent earth—the prodigal son.

Grimm. (*affectionately*) Moor, Moor!

Moor. My innocence! o my innocence! see how all nature expands at the sweet breath of spring. O God! that this paradise—this heaven, should be a hell to me! when all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of peace—the world one family—and its father there above! who is not my father! I alone the outcast—the prodigal son! of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected. (*starting back with horror*) The companion of murderers—of fiends—bound down, enchained to guilt and horror.

Raz. Tis inconceivable! I never saw him thus mov'd before.

Moor. (*with great emotion*) Oh! that I could return once more into the womb that bare me! that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born the meanest peasant of the field! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear.

Grimm. (*to the rest*) Dont disturb him! the paroxysm will soon be over.

Moor. There was a time when I could weep with ease. O days of bliss! mansion of my fathers! o vales so green, so beautiful! scenes of my infant years, enjoy'd by fond enthusiasm! will you no more return? no more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom? oh never, never shall they return—no more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone for ever.

enter SWITZER, with water in his hat.

Swit. Captain, here is drink! water fresh and cool as ice.

Grimm. What's the matter, Switzer? you bleed.

Swit. Matter? a mere joke—a trifling accident, that might have cost me only my neck or a couple of legs. I was trotting along a steep bank of the river on the brow of yonder declivity—'tis all sand you know, plump, in a moment, down goes the bank under my feet, and I made a clever tumble of ten good rhenish yards at the least—there I lay for a while like a log, and when I came to my senses, I found myself safe on the gravel, and fine fresh water just at my hand. Poh! not a bad caper, said I, since I've got my captain a drink by it.

Moor (*gives back the hat to Switzer and wipes his face*) Why, you're all so besmeared, one can't see the cuts you got from the bohemian dragoons. The water was very good, Switzer. These cuts become you, man.

Swit. Poh! there's room enough for twenty more of 'em.

Moor. Ay, my boys—it was a hot day's work—and only one friend lost. Poor Roller! he had a glorious death, if he had died in any cause but our's he'd had a marble monument: let this suffice—this tear from a man's cheek. (*wipes his eyes*) Do you remember how many of our enemies were left on the field?

Swit. Sixty hussars—ninety-three dragoons—and about forty light horse—in all, two hundred.

Moor. Two hundred for one man every one of you has his claims upon this head. (*takes off his hat*) Here I lift this poinard—so may my soul find life or death eternal, as I keep faith with you.

Swit. Don't swear! you don't know, if good fortune should once more smile upon you, but repentance—

Moor. No! by the ashes of Roller! I never will forsake you.

enter KOZINSKI.

Koz. They told me I should find him somewhere

hereabout. Ha! halloa! what faces are these? should these be the men—they are—they are—I'll speak to them.

Grim. Have a care! who goes there?

Koz. Gentlemen, excuse me—I know not if I am right in my conjecture.

Moor. Suppose right. Whom do you take us for?

Koz. For men.

Swit. Have we shown ourselves to be so, captain?

Koz. I seek for men who can look death in the face, who can play with danger as with a tamed snake—who prize liberty above life and fame—whose names speak comfort to the oppress'd, who can appal the bold, and make the tyrant shudder.

Swit. I like this fellow. Hear me, good friend, you have found the men you seek.

Koz. I think so—and hope I shall be anon their comrade. You can point me out the man I look for—'tis your captain, the intrepid count de Moor.

Swit. (*gives him his hand*) We are brothers, my boy.

Moor. Would you know this captain?

Koz. Thou art he! in those features—that air—who could behold you, and not discover it? (*looking earnestly at him for sometime*) it has long been my wish to see that man, whose countenance spoke terrors—whose eye could not be borne; he who sat on the ruins of Carthage. Now my wish is satisfied.

Swit. A fine mettled fellow.

Moor. And who sent you to me?

Koz. O captain! fate, the cruellest fate! I have been shipwreck'd on the stormy ocean of the world. I have seen my fondest hopes evaporate in air—and nought remain but the bitter recollection of my loss; a recollection that would drive me to madness, if I sought not to drown it in feeding this restless, this impetuous, spirit with new objects of pursuit.

Moor. Another of heaven's outcasts. Go on.

Koz. I have been a soldier, and in that station unfortunate: I embark'd for the Indies; my vessel went to

pieces in a storm ; all my projects failed : at last, I heard the fame of your great exploits—assassinations as they term them ; and I have travelled many miles in the firm resolution of offering you my services : deign to accept them. I intreat you, noble captain, refuse not my request.

Swit. (*leaping with joy*) Huzza boys ! Roller again a thousand times over ! a noble fellow for our troop.

Moor. What is your name ?

Koz. Kozinski.

Moor. Kozinski, you are a light-headed boy. You are ready to take the most decisive step of life with no more consideration than a thoughtless girl. Here's no game at bowls, no tennis-play, as you perhaps imagine.

Koz. I understand you, sir—but you mistake me. Tis true, I am but four-and-twenty ; but I have seen the gleaming of swords, and heard the balls whistle before now.

Moor. Have you so, young master ? and have you learn'd the use of arms merely to kill a poor traveller for a few dollars, or knock down helpless women ? go, go, you have run away from your nurse, child, because you saw the rod

Swit. What the devil, captain ! what do you mean ? would you dismiss this Hercules, this glorious fellow, whose very looks would scare Julius Cæsar into a coal-hole ?

Moor. And so when your wrong-headed schemes misgave, you would go seek for an assassin. You would become an assassin yourself. Sdeath, young man, do you know what that word means ?—you may perhaps sleep sound after beheading a few *poppies* ; but to carry a murder on your soul—

Koz. I'll answer for all the murders that you shall give me in charge.

Moor. What, are you so clever—would you take one in by a cajoling speech ? how know you whether I mayn't have my bad dreams—whether I shan't flinch when

I come to my death-bed?—how many things have you done, for which you thought you had to answer on account?

Koz. Why, truly not much, except this last journey to you, noble Moor.

Moor. Has your tutor been amusing you with the history of Robin Hood? such senseless scoundrels should be sent to the galleys. And thus you have heated your childish imagination with the mad idea of renown. Do you thirst for fame? for honor?—would you buy immortality by murders?—mark me well, young man; no laurel springs for the assassin—no triumph waits the victories of the robber; but curses, dangers, death, disgrace. Seest thou yon gibbet on the hill?

Speig. (*aside, walking about in a huff*) What an ass! blockhead! abominable stupid ass! is that the way to increase our band?

Koz. What shall he fear, who does not fear death?

Moor. Bravo, well said! you have got your Seneca by heart, I perceive. But, my good friend, with those fine sentences you will not lull to sleep the sufferings of nature—they will avail you nought against the sharp tooth of anguish. Think well, young man, (*takes him by the hand*) think on the step you are going to take; I advise you as a parent—sound first the depth of the precipice, before you dare to leap it. If in this world you can yet catch at a single glimpse of joy—there may be moments when you would awake—and then—it might be too late. Here thou withdraw'st thyself at once from the circle of humanity. *Man* thou must be, or *demon*. Once more, my son, let me intreat—if one spark of hope lurks in your bosom, fly this dreadful association. You may deceive yourself, impose on your own mind, and take for fire, for spirit, what in the end will be despair. Take my counsel—retreat—fly, while there it is yet time.

Koz. No, never. If you refuse my intreaty, hear at least the real story of my sorrows. Yourself will then

put a dagger into my hand—you will. But sit down, and listen to me with attention.

Moor I'll hear you.

Koz. Know then I am a nobleman of Bohemia. By the sudden death of my father I became master of a considerable estate. In the neighborhood—a paradise to me, there dwelt an angel—a maiden—adorned with all the charms of blooming youth—and chaste as is the light of heaven. But why speak thus to men who cannot comprehend me, who never loved, who never were beloved!

Swit Softly, softly; our captain is as red as fire.

Moor Have done; I'll hear the rest another time—to-morrow—another time—when I have seen blood.

Koz Blood? blood? nay, hear me, Moor—mine is a tale that calls for blood. She was of plebeian birth, a german; but such her air and look as to dispel all prejudice. With sweet reserve, and maiden modesty, she had accepted a ring from my hand—a ring, the pledge of my vows; and the next day I was to have led my Amelia to the altar.—(*Moor starts and rises*) While in this state of rapturous bliss, in the midst of preparations for our nuptials, I was called to court by an express. I went—letters of the most treasonable nature were produced, which it was alleged that I had written. I blushed at the baseness of the charge; my sword was taken from me, and I was hurried to a dungeon, where for some time my senses intirely forsook me.

Swit. And in the mean time—well—go on—I smell the roast already.*

Koz. Here I remained a tedious month. I suffered most for my Amelia, to whom I knew that my imprisonment would give the deepest affliction. At length I had a visit from the prime minister, who was pleased to congratulate me on the full proof of my innocence. With many flattering compliments, he read to me the

* GERM. *Ich rieche dem braten schon.*

warrant for my release and gave me back my sword. I flew in triumph to my castle, to clasp my loved Amelia to my bosom. She was gone—she had been carried off at midnight, and none could tell by whom or whither. This was a thunderstroke—I flew to town—made inquiry at court. All riveted their eyes on me, but none would give the least intelligence. At last, through a grated window of the palace, I discovered my Amelia—she threw me a letter——

Swit. Didn't I say so?

Koz. Death and fire! thus stood the case—twas given her in choice, either to see her lover die or to become the prince's mistress. She decided the contest between love and honor, (*smiling bitterly*) by saving me.

Swit. Well, what then?

Koz. I remained rooted to the spot, as if I had been struck with lightning. Blood was my first thought, blood my last—I foam'd at the mouth, like a tyger—seizing a three-edged sword, I ran furiously to the palace of the minister—he had been the infamous pander. They had perceived me from the windows, for I found all the apartments locked. In answer to my eager inquiries, I was told he was gone to the palace. Thither I flew directly—he was not there. I returned to his house, forced the door of his apartment, and found the wretch; but at the very moment five or six of his domestics beset me, and wrested my sword from me.

Swit. (*stamps with his feet*) And did he escape?—no vengeance?

Koz. I was immediately thrown in irons—brought to trial—condemned;—and, mark me now—by a singular exertion of lenity, banished as a malefactor from my native land, my fortune confiscated to the minister. Amelia, my Amelia, remains as a lamb within the tyger's grasp, and I must bend submissive to the yoke of despotism.

Swit. (*rises and whets his sword*) Captain, this is

something to sharpen our blades—this must set us at work *

Moor. (who had been walking to and fro in great agitation, stops suddenly) I must see her—come along—rise there. Kozinski, thou remain'st with us.—Quick—prepare to set out this moment.

The Robbers Where? what now?—

Moor. Where! who dares to question? (to Switzer) Traitor, you want to keep me back; but by the hope of heaven, if—

Swit Traitor! I a traitor?—lead on to hell, and I'll follow you.

Moor (falls on his neck) Yes, brother; I know you will. She suffers in anguish and despair—that is enough.—Come, my brave boys;—Courage.—Go Franconia! there must we be within these eight days.

[*exeunt*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, a gallery in the castle of Moor.

CHARLES DE MOOR in disguise under the name of
COUNT DE BRAND, with AMELIA, both looking
intently at a picture on the wall. The habit of a
nun lying on the table

Moor. (with emotion) He was a most excellent man.

Amel. Count de Brand, you appear to take great interest in that portrait.

Moor. (still looking earnestly at the picture) A most

* GERM. *Das ist wassar aus unsere muhle.* This is water to our mills.

excellent—a most worthy man ;—and he is now no more ?

Amel. No more. He has past away, like all the joys of life. (*takes his hand gently*) Count, all earthly bliss is vain.

Moor. True, most true ! but can you have proved that truth already ? you who scarcely yet have seen your twentieth year ?

Amel. Yes, I have proved that all who live must die in sorrow. We gain a little, that we may lose it with tears : we engage our hearts, only that those hearts may break.

Moor. What, have you already lost so much ?

Amel. Nothing !—all !—nothing !

Moor. And would you learn forgetfulness in that holy garb—the habit of a nun ?

Amel. To-morrow I hope to do so. Shall we continue our walk, sir ?

Moor. So soon ? whose picture is that on the *right* ? he has, methinks, a countenance that bespeaks misfortune——

Amel. The portrait on the *left* is the count's son—he who is now master of this castle.

Moor. His *only* son ?

Amel. Come, come away——

Moor. But that on the right ?

Amel. Will you not walk into the garden ? come——

Moor. But that picture on the right ?——you are in tears, Amelia !

(*Amelia goes out with precipitation*)

Moor (*alone*) She loves me ! loves me still !—her tears betray her ! yes, she loves me ! ——oh heaven ? is that the couch on which we so oft have sat—where I have hung in rapture on her neck ? are these my father's halls ? o days of bliss for ever past !—for ever ! oh, how the dear remembrance of those days shoots through my soul, like the first burst of spring ; here should have been my happy residence—here should I have pass'd my days—honored, respected, loved ; here have seen the

years of my blest infancy revive in the blooming offspring of my Amelia; here received the willing homage of my happy vassals. No more, no more! I must return, return to that dread station fate has destined me. Farewell, dear mansion of my fathers! scenes that have seen me in my years of childhood, when my free bosom beat with rapture—that this day witness my despair! (*walks towards the door, and suddenly stops*) shall I never behold her more? not for a last adieu! no farewell kiss of those dear lips! yes, I will see her once more; once more enfold her in my arms, though I should die for it. Once more I'll quaff the sweet voluptuous poison. And then away, far as the winds of heaven, and demons of despair shall drive me. *[exit]*

SCENE—a chamber in the castle.

FRANCIS DE MOOR.

Fran. (*in a deep reverie*) Begone, thou torturing image! what a coward I am! of what am I afraid? of whom? this count, this stranger, seems a spy of hell, to dog me at the heels. surely I should know his countenance—there is something great, something familiar in those wild and sun-burnt features; something that makes me tremble! (*walks about agitated, and rings*) Who's there?—Francis be on thy guard, something lurks there for thy perdition!

enter DANIEL.

Dan. What are your commands, sir?

Fran. (*looking stedfastly at him for a considerable time*) Nothing. Begone! bring me a goblet of wine—but quick. *[exit Daniel]*

Fran. Perhaps this rascal may confess, if threatened with the torture. I'll penetrate him with a look so dreadful, that his conscience shall betray him. (*stops*)

before the portrait of Charles, and examines it) That long scraggy neck! those dark, lowering brows! that bold eye that flashes fire! (*shuddering*) All-blasting hell!—tis he—it must be Charles himself!

enter DANIEL, with a cup of wine.

Put it down. Look at me—steadfastly! eye to eye—what, your knees totter! you tremble—confess, villain!—what have you done?

Dan. Nothing—as I hope for mercy——

Fran. Drink that wine off! What—do you hesitate? speak—quick! what have you put in that wine?——

Dan. So help me God—Nothing!——

Fran. You have put poison in the wine. Are you not as pale as ashes? confess, wretch, confess—who gave it you? was it not the count—the count who gave it you?

Dan. The count? the count has given me nothing.

Fran. (*taking hold of him*) I'll strangle thee, liar! old hoary traitor! nothing? why then were you so often together?—you and he, and Amelia? what were you whispering of?—have I not seen her bold, her shameless glances at him? she who affected such a modest air—did I not observe her, when she dropt a tear into his wine—and how he swallowed it with such avidity?—I perceived it—in the mirror I saw it—with these eyes I saw it.

Dan. God knows, I know not a single syllable of all that..

Fran. Will you deny it? give me the lie to my face? what plots, what machinations, have you devised?—to smother me in my sleep? to cut my throat? to poison me in my drink—drug my meals? confess it, wretch—confess it, this instant—I know it all.——

Dan. As the living God shall save me—nothing have I said but the truth.

Fran. Well, this once I forgive you. But I know he has given you money. Did he not squeeze your hand?

yes, harder than usual—like an old acquaintance? did he not, Daniel?

Dan. Never, indeed, sir.

Fran. For example; didn't he say that he knew you well; that perhaps, you might know him; that one day you might discover.—How? didn't he say something of that kind?

Dan. Not a word, sir.

Fran. That he would be revenged? horribly revenged?

Dan. Not a syllable.

Fran. What, not a syllable? recollect yourself. Have you forgot that he said he knew your late master well, very particularly well; that he loved him much, loved him as a son loves a father?—

Dan. I do remember—I think I heard him say something of that kind.

Fran. (*alarmed*) Did he say it? say those words?—did he say he was my brother?—

Dan. No, he did not say that. But when miss Amelia was walking with him in the gallery, I was at the door—he stopp'd before my late master's picture, as if he had been thunderstruck; and miss Amelia pointed to the picture, and said, an excellent man. Yes, said he, 'most excellent,' and he wiped his eyes.

Fran. Go, quick! send Herman hither. [*exit Daniel*]
'Tis clear as day! 'tis Charles! he will now come, and imperiously ask—where is my inheritance? and is it for this that I have lost my sleep—moved heaven and earth for this; stifled the cries of nature in my breast; and now when the reward should come—this vagabond, this outcast steps between, and with his horrid hand tears all this fine-spun web. Softly, 'tis but a step, an easy one—a little murder! none but a driveller would leave his work imperfect—or idly wait till time should finish it —

enter HERMAN.

Fran. Ha, welcome my Eurypylus, my prompt, my active instrument.

Her. (abruptly) What do you want with me, count?

Fran That you should give the finishing stroke to your work—put the seal to it——

Her. Really?

Fran. Give the picture the last touch.

Her. Poh.

Fran. Shall I call the carriage? we'll talk over it at our airing.

Her. Less ceremony, sir, if you please. All the business that you and I have to settle to day may be done within the four walls of this apartment. Mean time, a word or two with you by way of preface, which may perhaps save your lungs some exertion.

Fran. (reservedly) Hm! and what may those words be?

Her. (with a malignant tone of irony) 'Thou shalt have Amelia, I say—and from my hand.'

Fran (with anxiety) Herman!

Her. (in the same tone of irony, and turning his back upon him) 'Amelia has lost every support, and is the play thing of my will. Then you may easily guess what follows; in short all goes to a wish' *(with an indignant laugh, and then haughtily to Francis)* These were thy words. Now, count de Moor, what have you now to say?

Fran. (evasively) To you nothing—I had something to say to Herman.

Her. A truce with shuffling—why was I sent for hither? to be a second time your fool? again to hold the ladder for a thief to mount—to sell my soul, to catch a hangman's fee? what else did you want with me?

Fran. Ha, by the way, *(as if recollecting)* we must not forget the main point. Did not my valet de chambre mention it to you—I wanted to talk with you about the dowry——

Her. Sir, this is bantering---or worse. Moor, take care of yourself; beware how you kindle my fury. We are alone; my name is at stake against yours. Trust not the devil though you have raised him yourself.

Fran. (affecting a haughty air) Is it thus, sir, you speak to your master? tremble, slave.

Her. (ironically) For fear of losing your favor? a mighty loss, to one who is at war with himself. Moor, I abhor you for a villain, dont make me deride you also for a fool. I can open tombs, and raise the dead! which of us two is *now* the slave?

Fran. (smoothly) Come, my good friend be politic, show yourself a man of sense; dont be false to your word.—

Her. To detest a wretch like you is the best policy: to keep faith with you would be an utter want of sense. Faith with whom? with the father of lies—the arch-impostor! oh, such faith makes me shudder!—treason is virtue here, and perfidy a saint-like quality. But stay a little—patience! vengeance is subtle.

Fran. Oh, by-the-by—what a fool was I to forget. Didn't you lose a purse lately in this room? a hundred louis wasn't it? hah, I had almost forgot that. Here, my good Herman, take what's your own. (*offers him a purse*)

Her. (throws it from him with contempt) Curse on your Judas bribe; the earnest of perdition! you once thought to make my poverty a pander to my conscience! but there you were foil'd, sir. The former purse of gold serves to maintain a *certain* person—to furnish sustenance for——

Fran. (with a countenance of fear) Herman, Herman, dont make me think you a traitor. Were you to make any other use of that money than you *ought* to do—you were the vilest of traitors.—

Her. (triumphantly) Ay truly! say you so? then know, count de Moor, I will enhance your shame, double your mess of infamy—I will prepare a banquet for you, where the whole world shall be the guests—you understand me now, sir—my most revered, most gracious master.

Fran. (quite disconcerted) Ha, devil! curst impostor!

(*striking his forehead*) Beast, that I was, to stake my fortune on a fool's caprice? twas brutish!—

Her. Whew---o twas shrewd---twas cunning!

Fran. (*biting his lips*) Most true--and ever will be true; there is no thread so feebly spun, as that which weaves the bands of guilt.

Her. Ha, ha! what now? are devils turn'd moralists?

Fran. (*starts off abruptly, and with a malignant smile*) And certain folks will have no doubt, much honor in their conduct—

Her. (*clapping his hands*) Bravo! inimitable!--you play your part to admiration. You draw the poor fool into the snare---then woe be on his head, if he attempts to escape. O cunning fiend! and yet, (*clapping him on the shoulder*) sir count, you have not got your lesson yet quite perfect. By heavens, you must first know how far the losing gamester will venture. Throw a match into the powder-room, says the desperate pirate, and blow both friend and foe into the air.

Fran. (*takes down a pistol from the wall*) Here's treason---I must be resolute.

Her. (*draws a pistol from his pocket*) Dont give yourself so much trouble---one's prepared for all events with you.

Fran. (*lets fall his pistol, and throws himself back in a chair in confusion*) Keep my secret---Herman at least till---I---recollect myself.

Her. Yes, till you have hired a dozen assassins to seal my mouth for ever, But harkee, (*in his ear*) the secret is contained in a certain paper---which my heirs will open. [exit

Fran. Is this a dream? where was my courage? my presence of mind, that used to be so prompt?---betrayed by my own instrument! the props of my good luck begin to totter---the mound is broken; and all will speedily give way. Now for a quick resolve--but how, what?---if I durst but come behind and stab him.---Durst! a wounded man's a child-- I'll do it. (*stalks backwards and forwards, and then stops as if hesitating*

from fear) Who's that behind me? (*rolling his eyes*) what figures are these---what sounds: yet I think I have courage---courage! yes---but if my shadow should discover me while I struck him---or a glass---or the whizzing of my arm. Ugh---how my hair bristles---(*lets fall a poniard from under his clothes*) No, I am no coward---tender hearted only: yes, that is it. These are virtue's struggles---I honor this feeling. To kill my brother with my own hand! no, that were monstrous. No, no, no: let me cherish this vestige of humanity---I will not murder: nature thou hast conquered: there's something here that feels like---tenderness: yes, he shall live. [*exit*

SCENE, a garden.

AMELIA alone, sitting in an arbor, where several covered walks centre.

Amel. "You are in tears, Amelia!"---these were his words---and spoken with that expression. Oh, it summoned up a thousand dear remembrances: scenes of past delight; as in my days of happiness, my golden spring of love. Hark! 'tis the nightingale! o such was thy song, sweet bird, in those blest days, so bloom'd the flowers, as when I sat enraptur'd by his side. Sure, if the spirits of the dead hover around the living, this stranger is the angel of my Charles. Ha! false and faithless heart! and dost thou seek thus artfully to veil thy perfidy? no, no: begone for ever from this breast, the weak, the impious thought. Here, in this heart---my Charles lies buried, never shall human being fill his place. And yet this strange, this unknown---'tis wonderful my thoughts should dwell thus strong, thus constantly upon him: as twere my Charles's picture---his features seem to melt into the very image, of my only love! "You are in tears, Amelia!" those were his words. Ha! let me fly the thought. To-morrow I am a nun: (*rises*) a nun! poor heart! o, what a word was that!--

how sweet to this ear was of late that word; but now, now—o heart, thou hast betrayed me. I believed thee vanquish'd, and thought that fortitude which was, alas, despair! (*sits down in the arbor, and covers her face with her hands*)

enter HERMAN from one of the cover'd walks.

Her. (to himself) I have plunged boldly in. Now let the tempest rage, even though the billows overwhelm me*. (*sees Amelia*) Madam, lady Amelia!

Amel. A spy! what seek you here?

Her. I bring you news—sweet—pleasant, horrible news. If you are disposed to pardon, you shall hear wondrous tidings:

Amel. I have nothing to forgive, no ear for news.

Her. Do you not lament a lover?

Amel. (measuring him with a long look) Child of ill-luck, what right have you to question?

Her. The right of hate—of love——

Amel. Can there be love beneath a garb like that?

Her. Ay, even to make a man—a villain;—you had an uncle also who died lately?

Amel. (with tenderness) A father!

Her. The lover and the father are alive!

[*exit with precipitation*]

Amel. My Charles alive! (*running out, half frantic after Herman, she meets CHARLES DE MOOR, who is entering by one of the walks*)

Moor. Whither in such haste—thus wild, thus frantic?

Amel. Earth, swallow me! that man!

Moor. I came to say adieu. But, heavens, to meet you thus—thus agitated.

Amel. Go count; farewell——yet stay—how happy

* GERM *Und sollt er mir auch his an die gurgel schwellen.* Though it should swell up to my throat.

had I been, had you not come at this moment! oh had you never come.

Moor. You had been happy then? farewell for ever! (*going*)

Amel. Stay, for heaven's sake, stay; I meant not so—o God, why did I not mean so? tell me, count—what have I done that makes me seem thus guilty to myself?

Moor. Those words are death to me!

Amel. My heart was so pure before my eyes beheld you. But now—oh that my eyes were shut for ever—they have corrupted, poisoned all my heart.

Moor. On me, me only be the curse: thine eyes—thy heart, are guiltless, pure as angels.

Amel. There was his very look; quite him! o count, I entreat—turn not on me those looks, they stir rebellion in my breast. Oh traitor fancy, that paint'st him to my mind in every glance—begone, sir; or take a crocodile's foul form, and you will be more welcome

Moor. (*with a look of passionate affection*) Lady, that is not true.

Amel. (*tenderly*) And if you should be faithless; should seek to ruin, to betray, this weak, this woman's heart. But how can falsehood dwell in eyes that look like his—that seem his own reflected? and yet, o better it were so, and thou wert false, that I might hate thee! and yet more wretched still, should I not love thee! (*Moor presses her hand to his lips with ardor*) thy kisses burn like fire.

Moor. Tis my soul that burns in them.

Amel. Go, leave me; while it is not too late. There is fortitude in a man's bosom. Show that thou hast that strength of mind, and share it with me

Moor. Can he show fortitude who sees thee tremble? no, here I fix me fast (*embraces her, and lays his head on her bosom*) Here will I die

Amel. (*in confusion*) Away, leave me! what have you done? away with those lips. (*she struggles with faint endeavor*) An impious fire burns in my veins. (*tenderly and in tears*) And didst thou come from the

uttermost verge of the earth to extinguish in this heart its holy flame—that love which had defied even death? (*presses him to her bosom*) heaven forgive thee, count.

Moor. (*in Amelia's arms*) Oh, if to part the soul and body be thus sweet, tis heaven to die!*

Amel. (*with tenderness*) Here where thou art, has he stood a thousand times—and I, when thus I held him, forgot there was a heaven or earth. Here his delighted eye ranged over nature's beauties and kindled into rapture. Here with enthusiasm he saw, he felt the all-pervading energy of the universal parent; and his noble countenance, illumined with the great idea, acquired new beauty. Here heard the nightingale his voice, more heavenly than her own. Here from this rose-tree he plucked fresh roses—for me. Here, oh here, he held me to his heart—and press'd his burning lips to mine. (*they give way to their emotions, and she meets his kisses with equal ardor*) O Charles, now strike me dead; my vows are broken!

Moor (*tearing himself from her in frenzy*) Can this be hell ensnares me? (*gazing on her*) I am so happy!

Amel. (*perceiving the ring on her finger*) Art thou there, on that guilty hand? witness of my perjury—away! (*gives it to Moor*) Take it, too dear seducer; and with it what I hold most sacred—my all, my Charles! (*falls back on the seat*)

Moor. (*turns pale*) O thou Most High; was this thy mighty will? it is the ring I gave her—pledge of our mutual faith.—Hell be the grave of love! she gives me back my ring

Amel. (*terrified*) Heavens; what is the matter? your eyes roll wildly—and your lips are deadly pale.

Moor. (*commanding himself*) Nothing, tis nothing. (*raising his eyes to heaven*) I am still a man. (*takes off his own ring, and puts it on Amelia's finger*) Take this, delightful fiend; and with it what I hold most sacred—my all, my Emily!

* GERM. *So ist sterben das meisterstück des lebens.*
To die is the masterpiece of existence.

Amel (starting up) Your Emily !

Moor O she was so dear to my heart ; so true, so faithful—even as angels true. When we parted, we exchanged our rings, and vowed eternal constancy. She heard that I was dead, believed, and was constant to the dead. She heard that I was alive, and was faithless to the living. I flew into her arms, was happy as the blest in paradise ; think what a thunderstroke, she gave me back my ring—she took her own——

Amel. (looking on the ground with astonishment) Tis strange, most strange ; most horrible !

Moor. Ay, strange and horrible ;—oh, lady, much there is to know, much, much to learn, e'er this poor intellect can scan *his* nature, who smiles at human oaths, and weeps at man's fond projects ; oh but my Emily is a luckless maid, unfortunate.

Amel. Unfortunate ; yes, since she rejected you.

Moor. Unfortunate, because she still loved me. She kiss'd the man she had betrayed.

Amel. (with melancholy tenderness) She is indeed unfortunate. O I could love her with a sister's love. But there is a better world than this.

Moor. Yes, where all eyes are opened ; and where love looks back with horror. That world is called ETERNITY. Yes, yes, my Emily was a luckless maid.

Amel. Are all unfortunate and luckless whose name is Emily ?

Moor. Yes, all—yes, when she thought to press an angel to her heart, she grasped—a murderer !

Amel. O I must weep for her !

Moor. (taking her hand, and showing her the ring) Weep for thyself. (with tenderness, and then, exit instantly)

Amel. (knowing the ring) Charles, Charles ; o heaven and earth ! (faints—the scene closes)

SCENE—a forest by moonlight In one part a ruined tower.

the band of ROBBERS sleeping on the ground, SPEIGELBERG and RAZMAN come forward in discourse.

Raz. The night is far advanced—and the captain not yet come.

Speig. Harkee, Razman, a word in confidence.—Captain did you say? who made him our captain? has he not usurped that title, which by right was mine? what! is it for this we have set our lives on the cast of a die? is it for this we have exposed ourselves to fortune's spleen? have scorned disgrace and infamy? what? to be the dastard bondsmen of this Moor? we slaves, who should be princes! by heavens, Razman, I ne'er could brook it.

Raz. Nor I by Jupiter! but where's the remedy?

Speig. The remedy? can you ask? you who have dispatched many a fine fellow! Razman! if you are the man I always took you for—look'ee, they have observed his absence—nay, they almost give him up for lost. Razman, methinks I hear his knell—what! does not your heart bound at the thought? the thought of liberty, my boy! do you want courage for the business?

Raz. Ha, satan! how thou temptest me!

Speig. What? do you take, boy? come then—follow me quick—I know the road. A brace of pistols seldom fail. Come along.

Swit. (*gets up secretly*) Ha! villain—I have not forgot the bohemian forest—when you scream'd like a pitiful scoundrel, that the enemy was upon us 'Twas then I swore it by my soul—have at your heart, assassin! (*they fight*)

The Robbers. (*starting up*) Murder, murder! Switzer—Speigelberg—tear them asunder.

Swit. (*stabs Speigelberg*) There, lie and rot. Be quiet, my lads—dont be roused at the hunting of this hare*. The scoundrel always had a spite at our cap-

GERM. *Lasst euch die hasenjagd nicht auswecken.*

tain—and the coward has not a flea-bite on his dainty skin—the rascal would stab a man behind his back—would skulk and murder. Have we toiled and fought thus long, to be sent out of the world that way. Have we passed our lives amid fire and smoke to die at last like rats, by poison?

Grimm. Zounds, our captain will be horribly enraged.

Swit. That's my concern. Schusterle play'd the same game, and he's hang'd, as the captain prophesied.

[*a shot is heard*]

Grimm. (*starting*) Hark! a pistol-shot! another! holloa, the captain.

Koz. Patience, we must hear a third (*a third shot*)

[*they sound their horns*]

enter MOOR.

Swit. (*running to meet him*) Welcome captain! I have been a little choleric in your absence (*shows him the body*). Be you judge between me and this man—he wanted to waylay you—to stab you in the back.

Moor. Avenging power, thy hand is here! was it not he whose syren song seduced us?—here consecrate the sword by which he fell, to the avenging God.—Switzer, twas not *thy* hand that did this deed.

Swit. Zounds, but it was my hand. And may I be curs'd, if I think it the worst blow it has given. (*throws his sword upon the body, and retires in a passion*)

Moor. (*very thoughtfully*) I see it plain. I understand it. The dry leaves fall around—the autumn of my days is come.—Take him from my sight. (*the body is carried out*)

Grimm. Give us orders, captain! what's to be done now?

Moor. Soon, very soon will all be accomplished.—Since I left you, I've lost myself. Bid your trumpets speak. I want their music. I must be suckled like a child, and rear'd again to deeds of horror. Sound your horns.

Koz, Captain, this is the hour of midnight—sleep hangs heavy on our eye-lids—we have not closed them these three nights.

Moor. And can soft sleep rest on the murderer's lids? why flies he then from me? but I have been of late a dastard—a mere changeling. Sound your trumpets, I command—I must have music to rouse my spirit from its lethargy. (*a warlike piece of music—Moor walks about very thoughtful, and then gives a signal for them to stop*) No more—begone! good night—I'll talk to you to-morrow.

(*The robbers stretch themselves on the ground*) Good night, captain. (*they sleep*)

Moor. Good night—forever.—A long, long night!—on which no morrow e'er shall dawn. Think you that I will tremble! never, never.—Shadows of the dead, the murdered, rise!—no joint of me shall quake. Your dying agonies, your black and strangled visages, your gaping wounds—these are but links of that eternal chain of destiny which wound itself around me from my birth—which hung perhaps upon the humors of my nurse—my father's temperament, or my mother's blood. Why did the great Artificer form, like Perillus, this monster whose burning entrails yearn for human flesh. (*draws a pistol*) This little tube unites eternity to time! this key will shut the prison-door of life, and open wide the regions of futurity. Tell me, oh tell! to what unknown, what stranger-coast thou shalt conduct me! the soul recoils, and shrinks with terror from that awful thought; while busy fancy fills the scene with horrid phantoms.—No, no! man must not hesitate. Be what thou wilt, thou world without a name, so but this self remains;—this self within. For all that is external, what has it of reality beyond that form and color which the mind itself bestows?—I am myself my heaven or my hell. (*looking toward the horizon*) If HE should give me a new earth, some blasted region banished from his sight—where I alone inhabited, companion of eternal night and silence, this mind, this all-creative brain,

would people the hideous void with its own images—would fill the vast of space with such chimera-forms, that all eternity were scarce sufficient to unravel them. —But perhaps it is by ever-varying scenes of misery in this ill world, that, step by step, he leads me to annihilation. Oh that it were possible to stop the current of that after life, as easy as to break the thread of this! —he may'st reduce me into nothing—but of this liberty I cannot be deprived. (*cocks the pistol, raises it, and suddenly stops*) And shall I then rush to death, through slavish dread of living here in torment? bend this man's soul beneath the scourge of misery? no—I will bear it all, and brave the malice of my fate. (*puts up the pistol*) My pride shall conquer sufferance. Let the destiny of Moor be accomplished! (*the night becomes dark, and a distant clock strikes twelve*)

enter HERMAN.

Her. Hush, hush! how the owlet shrieks! the village clock strikes twelve;—all fast asleep—all but remorse, and vengeance. (*goes to the tower and knocks*) Come up, thou man of sorrow? tenant of the tower—thy meal is ready.

Moor. (*draws back shuddering*) What can that mean?

Voice from the tower.

Who knocks there?—is it thou, Herman, my raven?

Her. Yes, tis thy raven Herman. Come to the grate, and eat —Thy comrades of the night make fearful music. Old man, dost thou relish thy meal?

Voice. Yes, hunger is keen. O thou who send'st the ravens, accept my thanks—for this thy bread in the wilderness—how fares it with my good friend Herman?

Her. Hush, hark. What noise is that? do you hear nothing?

Voice. No. Do you hear any thing?

Her. The wind whistles through the rents of the tower—a music of the night that makes the teeth chatter, and the nails turn blue. Hark, tis there again. I hear

a murmuring noise, like those who groan in sleep —
You have company, old man—hu, hu, hu.

Voice. Do you see any thing?

Her. Farewel, farewel, your delivery 'is at hand;
your avenger. (*is going hastily out*)

Moor. (*approaches shuddering*) Stop.

Her. Who is that?

Moor. Stop; speak, who art thou? what dost thou
here? speak.

Her. (*coming forwards*) One of his spies—that's cer-
tain.—I've lost all fear (*draws his sword*) Defend
yourself, villain; you have a man before you

Moor. I'll have an answer (*strikes the sword out of
his hand*) What boots this childish sword-play? didst
thou not speak of vengeance?—vengeance belongs ex-
clusively to me—of all the men on earth. Who dares
infringe my rights?

Her. By heaven, tis none of woman born; for that
arm withers like the stroke of death.

Voice. Alas, Herman, is it you who are speaking?—
to whom do you speak?

Moor. Still those sounds? what is transacting here?
(*moves toward the tower*) Some horrible mystery, for
certain, lurks in that tower. This sword shall bring it
to light.

Her. (*comes forward trembling*) Terrible stranger,
art thou the wandering spirit of this desert—or one of
those dread ministers, who make their circuit in this low-
er world, and take account of all the deeds of darkness?
oh, if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors!

Moor. Traveller of the night, thou hast divined my
function—the Exterminating Angel is my name—yet
am I flesh and bones, as thou art. Is this some misera-
ble wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dun-
geon? I will loose his chains. Once more speak, thou
voice of terrors! (*to the tower*)

Her. As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven,
as thou that door. Retire, thou man of strength: the
genius of the wicked foils the common intellect of man.

Moor. But not the craft of robbers. (*takes pass-keys from his pocket*) For once I thank my God that I have learnt that craft. These keys would mock hell's foresight. (*opens the gate of the tower—old Moor comes from below, emaciated like a skeleton. Moor springs back with affright*) Horrible spectre! my father!

O. Moor. I thank thee, o my God! the hour of my deliverance is come!

Moor. Shade of the aged Moor! who has disturbed thy ashes in the grave? hast thou taken with thee into the world of spirits some foul crime, that bars the gates of paradise on thy soul? I will have prayers and masses said, to gain thy wandering spirit peace. Hast thou buried in the earth the widow's or the orphan's gold; and now in expiation of that guilt, pour'st at the midnight hour the shriek of misery?—I'll dig that treasure up, though guarded by hell's dragons—Or comest thou to expound to me the dread enigmas of eternity? speak, speak! I will not blanch, nor stop the affrighted ear!

O. Moor. I am no spirit; but alive, as thou art. O life indeed of misery!

Moor. What, wast thou not in thy grave?

O. Moor. I was indeed interr'd.* Three complete moons have I languished in this dark dungeon, where not a ray of light can penetrate; where no sweet air or healthful breath can enter; where the hoarse ravens croak and the owls shriek.

Moor. Heaven and earth! who has done this?

Her. (*with savage joy*) A son!

O. Moor. Oh, do not curse him.

Moor. (*darting furiously upon Herman*) Serpent-tongued liar! a son! speak that again—repeat that

GERM. *Das heist, ein todter hund liegt in meiner vater gruft.* That is, a dead dog lies in my father's tomb. An expression which probably means, that a dog had been substituted for him, and interred in the family vault.

word, and I will plunge my dagger in thy impious throat—A son!

Her. And were all hell let loose, I still must say, his son.

Moor. (*petrified with horror*) O everlasting chaos!

O *Moor*—If thou art a man and hast a human heart, o my unknown deliverer, hear the miseries of a father, punished in his own sons. For three long moons have I poured my complaints to these walls of rock, which echoed to my groans. If thou art a man, and hast a human heart, o listen to me.

Moor. That prayer would move even wolves to pity.

O *Moor*—I lay upon a bed of sickness. Scarce had I begun to gain a little strength, when they brought me a man who gave me the dreadful intelligence that my first-born son had fallen in battle, and with his latest breath had told, that my inhuman malediction had driven him to despair and death.

Her. A false, most horrible impostor. That villain was myself—seduced by Francis, your son—with bribes and promises to disappoint all inquiries and researches after his elder brother—corrupted by that unnatural son to blast the miserable remnant of your days.

O *Moor*. And was it—o heavens! was it a concerted plan? was I then deceived?

Moor. (*removing to a little distance*) Dost thou hear that, *Moor*? how dreadfully the light begins to dawn! a day of horrors!

Her. Here crush the viper:—I was this vile accomplice; I suppressed your Charles's letters, changed those from you, and substituted others, conceived in terms of barbarous resentment. Thus have you been deceived—thus cruelly was he cut off from your inheritance—thus banished from your heart.

Moor (*with an expression of dreadful anguish*) And hence became a robber and a murderer (*strikes his breast and forehead*) O fool, fool, fool! the victim of infernal treachery—and now a murderer and assassin.

(*walks about in great agitation*)

O Moor. Francis, may all——(*suppressing rage*) But I will curse no more—and I saw nothing—nothing suspected. O blind indulgent dotard!

Moor. (*stops suddenly*) And that poor father in a dungeon! (*suppressing his anguish*) What cause have I for rage or for complaint? (*with affected composure*) Go on, sir.

O Moor. I fainted at the news. They must have thought me dead, for when I came to myself, I was on a bier, and shrouded as a corpse—I beat upon the lid of the coffin—it was opened—twas in the dead of night—my son Francis stood before me.—“What,” said he, with a loud voice of horror, “must you then live for ever?” and with these words he shut the coffin. The thunder of that voice bereaved me of my senses. When I again recovered them, I found the bier in motion. After some time it stopped—the coffin was again opened, and at the entry of this tower I found my son Francis, with that man who had brought me the bloody sword of my son Charles. I fell at Francis’ feet, embraced his knees, and wept; conjured him, supplicated. The tears, the supplications of his father, never reach’d his iron heart.—“Throw down that carcase,” said he, with a voice of thunder, “he has lived too long.”—They threw me down into that dungeon, and my son Francis locked the iron door

Moor. Impossible, impossible;—your memory or your senses play you false.

O Moor. It may be so. Harken, but restrain yourself. Thus I lay for twenty hours, and none knew of my sufferings. No foot of man e’er treads this solitary waste; for tis the common report that, the ghosts of my forefathers haunt this dreadful tower, drag their chains among the ruins, and chant at the hour of midnight the song of death. At last I heard the creaking of the iron door—it was opened, and this man brought me bread and water. He told me that I was doomed to die of hunger; and that he forfeited his own life, if it were known that he brought me the smallest particle of food.

By his means I have thus long preserved a miserable being; but by the chilling cold, the foul air, and the anguish of my own mind, my strength was quite exhausted, my body emaciated to a skeleton. A thousand times have I prayed to heaven to end my sufferings; but the measure of my punishment must not have been complete; or perhaps there is yet in store for me some happiness—that the Almighty has deigned thus miraculously to preserve me. But come what will, my sufferings are most just, most merited. O Charles, my Charles, before thy hairs were gray!

Moor It is enough. (*to the band*) Rise, you senseless logs—you hearts of stone!—what, will none of you awake? (*fires a pistol over them; they rise on their feet*)

Robbers. Holloa, holloa, what's the matter?

Moor. Could you sleep out that tale? a tale that might have roused even sleep eternal. Mark here, mark here! what are this world's laws? mere knavery—a game with loaded dice. Discord is set at large, and ranges wild as hell. The bands of nature are dissolved—a son has slain his father!

Robbers. What says the captain?

Moor. Slain, did I say? that word is tame—'tis palliative. A son has rack'd his father—killed him in torment—broken him on the wheel—even that is varnish of his horrible crime. The cannibal himself would shudder at it——O God! he has devoured him. See, see there! he faints! a son confined his father in that tower—cold, naked, hungry, and athirst. Look there, look there—this is my father!

Robbers. (*coming round the old man*) Your father?

Swit. (*approaches with respect, and throws himself at the old man's feet*) Father of my captain, I kiss your feet—I draw this dagger, and here I devote it to thy service.

Moor. Revenge! revenge! revenge—this violated, profaned, this hoary head!—here I tear for ever the fraternal bond. (*rends his coat from top to bottom*) Here,

in the face of heaven, I curse him! curse every drop of blood within him.—Hear me, o moon and stars, and thou black canopy of night, that witnesseth this horror, hear my cries! hear me, terrific judge, thrice terrible avenger, who reign'st above yon pallid orb—and judgment doom'st, and dart'st thy fiery bolts through darkness, to the head of guilt:—behold me on my knees—behold me raise this hand aloft, and hear my oath.—May nature curse me, expel me, like some horrible abortion, from out the circle of her works—if here, upon this stone, I do not shed that parricide's blood, till the foul vapor from the fountain of his heart rise into air, and dim the blessed sun!

(*rises*)

Grimm. This is a stroke of hell! let them now call us villains. Now, by all the dragons of darkness, we never did any thing half so horrible!

Moor. Yes, and by all the groans of those poor wretches whom your daggers have dispatched—by those who were devoured with fire, or crushed beneath the tower at Leipzick—no murderous plan shall be devised, no scheme of rapine be resolved or meditated, till every man among us glut his steel, and dye his garments purple in that monster's blood. Who could e'er have thought that we were destined to serve as instruments in the Almighty's hand, and minister unto his justice? our fate's mysterious clew is now unravelling. This day the invisible arm of a superior power gives dignity to our vocation. Adore that power who honors you this day as agents in his hands, employs you as his angels to execute his stern decrees, and pour the phials of his wrath.—Be all uncovered! fall on the earth and humbly kiss the dust. (*they kneel and make a solemn prostration to the earth*) Now rise all hallowed men!

Swit. Now give your orders, captain; what shall we do?

Moor. Rise, Switzer, and touch these sacred locks. (*brings him to his father*) You remember, when you cleft the head of that bohemian trooper, who had raised

his sabre to cut me down, when I was fainting with fatigue, and my knees were sinking under me—twas then I promised you a high reward, a royal recompense.—But to this hour I never have been able to discharge that debt.

Swit. And may you never be! it is my pride to call you still my debtor.

Moor. No. This day I will discharge it. Switzer, thou art honored this day above all mortals. Be thou the avenger of my father (*Switzer rises*)

Swit. Most honored captain! this day thou hast made me for the first time truly proud. Give orders how, and when, and where my arm shall strike.

Moor. The precious minutes are already number'd. Thou must be speedy. Choose out the worthiest of the band, and lead them straight to yonder castle. Seize him, were he asleep. Drag him from his bed, though he lie couch'd in pleasure's lap. Grasp him at the banquet, while, like the swine, he gorges. Tear him from the altar, though on his knees before the crucifix. But hear what I most solemnly command: bring him to me alive! this hand shall hew that man in pieces, and feed the famish'd vultures with his limbs, who dares to wound his skin or rob him of a single hair. I must have him whole. Bring him to me alive, bring him entire, and millions shall be your reward. I'll plunder kings, I'll set my life at nought, to earn for thee a glorious recompense. Thou hast my purpose—haste thee to accomplish it.

Swit. Enough, captain—there's my hand. You shall see two of us, or none—Follow me, comrades of vengeance.

[*exit, followed by a part of the band and Herman*]

Moor. Let the rest disperse themselves in the forest.—I remain here.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, a gallery in Moor's castle.

FRANCIS DE MOOR *in his night-gown, rushes in, followed by DANIEL.*

Fran. Betrayed! betrayed! the spirits of the dead rise from their graves—a countless host raised from eternal sleep to haunt the murderer——Who's that?

Dan (anxiously) Heaven pity me! what, my lord? is it possible it could be you who shriek'd so horribly as to waken us all out of our sleep?

Fran. Your sleep? who gave you leave to sleep? what, sleep at this hour, when all should be awake?—awake? ay, armed and caparisoned. Quick, quick, to arms, to arms. Load every musket—seest thou not how they force their way through every door, and dart along yon vaulted passages?

Dan. Who, my lord?

Fran. Who? beast! dost thou not see them? hear them? are your senses gone? oh, the sight thrilled my very marrow!—demons and ghosts!—How goes the night?

Dan. The watch has just cried two.

Fran. No more? will this eternal night last to the day of judgment? heard you no noise without? no shouting? no cries of victory? hark! horses at the gallop! where is Char—the count, I mean?

Dan. I cannot tell, sir.

Fran. You cannot tell? you are of the plot—I'll tread your villain's heart out. You cannot tell?—the very beggars have conspired against me. Heaven, earth, and hell combined against me.

Dan. My lord.

Fran. Who said I trembled? no—twas but a dream. The dead are in their graves. Tremble? no—I am quite at ease.

Dan. You are not well, my lord. You are quite pale—your voice is changed—it falters.—

Fran. Yes, I am feverish. I shall let blood to-morrow.

Dan. Indeed, sir, you are ill, very ill.

Fran. Yes, that is all I am ill—and illness affects the brain, and gives wild dreams. What matter what one dreams. 'Tis indigestion makes us dream. I had a merry dream just now. (*faints*)

Dan. Good God, what's here! George. Conrad, Bastian, Martin! where are you all? give but a sign of life. (*shakes him*) O lord, they'll say I murdered him.

Fran. (*disturbed*) Begone! who shakes me there? horrible spectre! are the dead awake—alive?—

Dan. Merciful heaven, he has lost his reason.

Fran. (*recovering himself gradually*) Where am I? is it you, Daniel? what did I say? what signifies it?—don't mind it: 'twas all a lie, whatever it was. Come, help me. It was, I think, a fit of giddiness for want of sleep

Dan. I'll call assistance, sir: send for physicians.

Fran. Stop. Sit down here:—you are a man of sense, Daniel. I'll tell you how I—

Dan. No, no, sir—another time. I'll see you put to bed; you have great need of rest.

Fran. Nay, Daniel—I must tell you; 'tis so odd. You'll laugh, I promise you. You must know I thought I had been feasting like a prince, and I laid me down quite happy on one of the grassy banks of the garden, when suddenly—suddenly;—but you'll laugh when I tell you—

Dan. Proceed, my lord.

Fran. All of a sudden, I was waked by a clap of thunder. I got upon my feet, and staggering, looked around me—when lo, the whole horizon seemed one great sheet of fire—the mountains, towns and forests seemed to melt like wax in a furnace; and then a dreadful tempest arose, which drove before it the heavens, the earth, and the ocean.

Dan. Good God! it is the description of the day of judgment.

Fran. Did you ever hear such ridiculous stuff? then I saw a person come forward, who held in his right hand a brazen balance, which stretched from east to west. He cried with a loud voice, "Approach, ye children of the dust: I weigh the thoughts of man."

Dan. Heaven have mercy on me.

Fran. All seemed struck with terror; and every countenance was pale as ashes. 'Twas then I thought I heard my name in a dreadful voice that issued from the bowels of a mountain—a voice that froze the marrow in my bones, and made my knees smite each other, and my teeth chatter as if they had been of iron.

Dan. O, may God forgive you.

Fran. He did not forgive me. An old man appeared, bent to the ground with sorrow,—a horrible sight; for he had gnawed away one half of his arm from hunger. None could bear to look upon him. I knew him: he cut off one of his grey locks and threw it from him. Instantly a voice thundered from the smoke of the mountain: "Mercy and forgiveness to all the sinners of the earth? thou only art rejected. (*a long pause*) Why dont you laugh?"

Dan. Laugh? at what makes my flesh creep? dreams come from God!

Fran. Fie, fie, you must not say so.—Call me a fool, a child, an idiot—any thing. But I beseech thee laugh at me.

Dan. Dreams come from God. I will go pray for you. [*exit*]

Fran. No—tis popular superstition—all chimeras! if the past is past who has decided that an eye above shall e'er look back upon it? does vengeance dwell above the stars? no, no:—yet there is something here that tells in dreadful whispers to my soul, there is—a Judge above the stars! should I this night appear before him. No, tis all a jest—a miserable subterfuge for coward fear to grasp at—no, no, no, all beyond this world is

silence But if it should be so—if that were true—and all were registered above—and this the night of reckoning—Why this quaking of the joints? this fearful shuddering? to die! that word congeals my blood—to give account! ay, and when that reckoning comes, to face the Judge:—should he do justice!

enter a SERVANT hastily.

Serv. The lady Amelia has escaped. The count has suddenly gone off. [*exit*

enter DANIEL, with a countenance of terror.

Dan. My lord, there is a troop of horsemen riding up to the castle in full gallop, and crying, murder, murder! the village is all in alarm.

Fran. Go ring the bells, and summon all to church—to prayers I say I'll set the prisoners free, make restitution to the poor five and six fold. Go call my confessor, to give me absolution. What, not yet gone? *(the tumult increases)*

Dan. God forgive me my sins Are you serious, sir? and do you really wish I should obey these orders? you who have always ridiculed religion, and who so oft——

Fran. No more. To die—to die is dreadful. It will be too late. *(Switzer's cry "Storm, storm! is heard,")* To prayers, to prayers.

Dan. 'Tis what I always told you; but you mock'd at prayer. And now, behold, sir, when you are in trouble, when the flood overwhelms you——

Swit. (in the court of the castle) Storm, storm—break down the gates. Yonder is a light—he must be there.

Fran. (on his knees) Hear my prayer, o God of heaven. It is the first. Hear, o, hear me.

Swit. (still in the court) Strike them down, my lads. Back, you damn'd dog—I am the devil, and am come for your master. Where's Blackman, with his troop? surround the castle, Grimm—run! storm the ramparts.

Grimm. Here ' hurl the firebrands—watch where he comes down :—we'll smoke him out.

Fran. Oh God, I have been no common murderer; no miserable petty crimes committed.

Dan. Mercy on us ! even his prayers are sins.

(they fling stones and firebrands ; the windows broken in ; the castle set on fire)

Fran. I cannot pray. Here, here, *(beating his breast)* all is choaked up ! no, I will pray no more.——

Dan. Holy virgin preserve us ! the whole castle is on fire.

Fran. Here, take this sword ; stab me behind ! thrust it into my heart—that these villains may not make their sport of me. *(the fire increases)*

Dan. God forbid—I will send none to heaven before his time, far less to——*(runs off)*

Fran. *(looking after him. A pause)* To hell, he would have said. Yes, I feel he's right.——Are these their shouts of triumph ? that hissing there, is it hell's serpents ? hark, they approach—they are within the castle ! why should I shudder at this sword's point ? ha, the gate is down ! now tis impossible to escape *(attempts to throw himself into the flames, but is prevented by the robbers, who rush in and bear him off)*

SCENE, a forest. *A ruined tower, as in the end of the fourth Act.*

the old COUNT DE MOOR seated upon a stone.—

*CHARLES DE MOOR in conversation with him.
Some of the band scattered through the forest.*

Moor. And was he dear to you, that other son ?

O Moor. Heaven knows how dear ! o why did my weak heart ever listen to those artful tales of basest calumny ? I was so happy ! above all fathers blest in the fair promise of my children's youth—but, o accursed hour ! the spirit of a fiend possessed the young-

est of my sons—I trusted to the serpent's wiles, and lost—both my children! (*hides his face with his hands*) how deeply now I feel the truth of those sad words, Amelia uttered “In vain, on your death-bed, shall you stretch your feeble hands to embrace your son—in vain wish to grasp the warm hand of your Charles” (*Charles, turning away his head, gives him his hand*) Oh that this were my Charles's hand! but he is gone! he rests in the narrow house! he sleeps the sleep of death! he cannot hear the voice of my complaint—I must die amidst strangers—no son have I to close my eyes.

Moor. (*in great agitation*) It must be so, it must this moment. (*to the Robbers*) Leave us alone. And yet—can I bring back his son? no, I can never bring back that son! no, no, it must not be. No, never, never!

O. Moor. What dost thou say? what dost thou mutter to thyself?

Moor. Thy son; yes, old man, (*hesitating*) thy son is lost for ever!

O. Moor. For ever?

Moor. Ask me no more;—for ever!

O. Moor. Why did you take me from yon hideous dungeon?

Moor. But stay—if I could now but get his blessing—steal it from him like a thief, and so escape with that celestial treasure. (*throws himself at his feet*) I broke the iron bolts of thy dungeon. Venerable old man, I ask thy kiss for that.

O. Moor. Take this, and think it is a father's kiss—and I will dream I hold my Charles to my breast. What, can you weep?

Moor (*with great emotion*) I thought it was a father's kiss. (*throws himself on his neck. A confused noise is heard, and a light is seen of torches approaching Moor rises hastily*) Hark! tis vengeance comes;—yonder they come. (*looks earnestly at the old man, and then raises his eyes to heaven, with an expression of deliberate fury*) Thou suffering lamb! enflame me with the tyger's fury! the sacrifice must now be offered; and

such a victim, that the stars shall hide their heads in darkness, and universal nature be appalled ! (*the torches are seen, the noise encreases, and several pistol-shots are heard*)

O. Moor. Alas, alas ! what is that horrid noise ? who is coming ? are these my son's confederates, come to drag me from the dungeon to the scaffold ?

Moor. O judge of heaven and earth ; hear a murderer's prayer ! give him ten thousand lives ; may life return anew, and every dagger's stroke refresh him for eternal agonies !

O. Moor. What is't you mutter ? tis horrible.

Moor. I say my prayers ! (*wild music of the Robbers*)

O. Moor. O think of Francis in your prayers.

Moor. (*in a voice choaked with rage*) He is not forgotten.——

O. Moor. That's not the voice of one who prays ;—o cease : such prayers make me shudder !

enter SWITZER with his party ; FRANCIS DE MOOR, handcuffed, in the midst of them.

Swit. Triumph. Captain. Here he is ;—I have fulfilled my word.

Grimm. We tore him out of the flames of his castle ;—his vassals took to flight.

Koz. The castle is in ashes—and even the memory of his name annihilated. (*a pause. Moor comes slowly forward*)

Moor. (*with a stern voice to Francis*) Dost thou know me ? (*Francis makes no answer, but fixes his eyes immoveably on the ground, while Charles leads him towards the old man*) Dost thou know that man ?

Fran. (*starting back with horror*) Thunder of heaven ; my father !

O Moor. (*turns away shuddering*) Go ; may God forgive you. I have forgiven——

Moor. (*with stern severity*) And may my curse ac-

company that prayer, and clog it with a millstone's weight, that it may never reach the mercy-seat of heaven. Know you that dungeon?

Fran. (to Herman) Monster; has your inveterate enmity to our blood, pursued my poor father even to this dungeon?

Her. Bravo, bravo; where a lie is wanted, the devil will never desert his own.

Moor. Enough. Lead this old man into the forest. I need no father's tears to prompt to what remains. *(they lead off the old count)* Approach, ye felons. *(they form a semicircle round the two brothers, and look sternly on, resting upon their muskets)* Now, not a breath be heard. As sure as I now hope for heaven's mercy—the first who moves his lips to utter sound, till I command, dies on the instant.

Fran. (to Herman in a transport of rage) Wretch; that I could spit my poisonous foam in torrents on that face! this is gall. *(gnawing his chains, and weeping from rage)*

Moor. I stand commissioned here as minister of heaven's Almighty King, the judge of right and wrong; and from your mouths I shall pronounce a doom, which the most pure and upright court on earth would sanction and approve. The guilty are assembled here as judges; and I, of all most guilty, am their chief. He who, on scrutiny of his own conscience and strict review of all his past offences, does not appear pure as the innocent child, and spotless, when compared with this enormous and most horrible wretch, let him withdraw from this assembly, and break his poniard as a token. *(all the Robbers throw down their poniards, unbroken)* Now, Moor, be proud indeed; for thou hast this day changed the scarlet sinners to the spotless angels. There's still a poniard wanting. *(draws his poniard, and a pause ensues)* His mother was mine too; *(to Kozinski and Switzer)* be you his judges. *(in great emotion breaks his poniard and retires aside)*

Swit. (after a pause) Stand I not here like some poor

dunce at school, bewildered and amazed, my faculties locked up? What, not a new invention to be found of torment! While life is lavish in variety of pleasures, is death so niggardly in choice of tortures? (*to Kozinski impatiently*) speak thou, for I have lost all faculty.

Koz I think on his gray hairs; cast your eyes on that tower—let these suggest; should I, a scholar, thus instruct his master?

Swit. Accustomed as I am to scenes of horror, I'm poor in such invention. Al thank you comrade: was not this dungeon the chief scene of his atrocious crimes? sit we not now in judgment before this dungeon? down with him into the vault; there let him rot alive!

The Robbers. Down with him, down with him! (*they go to lay hold of him*)

Fran (*springing into the arms of his brother*) Save me from the claws of these murderers; save me, brother!

Moor. (*with stern solemnity*) Thou hast made me chief of these murderers. (*Francis starts back with terror*) Wilt thou entreat me now?

The Robbers. (*still more tumultuous*) Down with him, down with him!

Moor. Son of my father, thou hast robbed me of heaven's bliss; be that sin blotted out. Perdition awaits thee as a son—as a brother I forgive thee. (*embraces him and goes out: the Robbers thrust Francis down into the dungeon with frantic shouts of delight*)

Moor. (*returning, in a deep reverie*) It is accomplished. O God who rulest all; accept my thanks. It is accomplished! (*in deep meditation*) IF THIS TOWER SHOULD BE THE LIMIT OF MY COURSE, TO WHICH THOU HAST LED ME THROUGH PATHS OF BLOOD AND HORROR: IF FOR THAT END THOU HAST DECREED I SHOULD BECOME THE CHIEF OF THESE FOUL MURDERERS; Eternal Providence! I bend me to thy will with awe and reverence. Thus let it be—and here I terminate the work. His battle

o'er, the soldier falls with dignity. This was the greatest action of my life—'tis right that it should be the last. Thus let me vanish with the gloom of night, and end my course as breaks yon purple dawn. Bring in my father. (*some of the Robbers go out and return with the old man*)

O. Moor. O whither do you lead me? where is my son?

Moor. The planet and the grain of sand hath each his place allotted in this scene of things: thy son hath likewise his—be seated.

O Moor. (*bursts into tears*) Oh, I have no children; none!

Moor. Peace, peace: be seated.

O. Moor. O cruel in your kindness; you have saved a dying wretch, and dragged him back to life, only to tell him that his children are no more; show mercy yet, and bury me again in that dark tower!

Moor. (*seizes his hand and raises it with fervor to heaven*). Do not blaspheme, old man; blaspheme not Him, before whose righteous throne I have this day prayed with confidence—to-day the wicked have approached the throne of mercy.

O. Moor. And have they there been taught to murder?

Moor. (*incensed*) Old man, no more! (*in a calmer tone*) if his divinity thus stirs within the sinner's breast, is it for saints to quench that holy fire? where could you now find words to express contrition, if this day he should baptize for thee—A SON?

O. Moor. Are sons baptized in blood?

Moor. What dost thou say? is truth revealed by the tongue of despair?—yes, old man, Providence can baptize even with blood. This day he has baptized for thee with blood. Fearful and wonderful are His ways. But in the end are tears of joy.

O. Moor. Where shall those tears be shed?

Moor. Upon thy Charles's heart! (*throws himself into his arms*)

O. Moor. (in a transport of joy) My Charles alive!

Moor. Yes, he is alive; sent here to save—to avenge his father. Thus by thy favorite son thy kindness recompensed. (*pointing to the tower*) Thus by the prodigal revenged! (*presses him to his breast*)

Swit. Hark! there are voices in the forest.

Moor. Call in the band. (*the Robbers go out*) 'Tis time, o heart! time to remove the cup of pleasure from the lips, before it turn to poison.

O Moor. Are these men thy friends? I dread to look at them.

Moor. Ask any thing but that! that has no answer.

enter AMELIA, her hair dishevelled. The band follow and range themselves in the back ground of the scene.

Amel. They say the dead have arisen at his voice—that my uncle is alive—saved from that tower! my Charles, where are you? where is my uncle?

Moor. (*starting back*) Oh, what a picture for an eye like mine!

O Moor. (*rises trembling*) Amelia, my dear niece!

Amel. (*throwing herself into the old count's arms*) My father! my Charles! my all!

O Moor. My Charles alive;—and I;—and all;—my Charles alive!

Moor. (*with frenzy to the band*) Let us begone, comrades! the arch fiend has betrayed me!

Amel. (*disengaging herself from the old count, flies into the arms of Charles*) Angels of bliss! I have him here! I have him here!

Moor. Tear her from my arms; kill her;—and him—and me—and all;—let nature go to wreck!

Amel. My dearest Charles; transported quite; he is in ecstasy. Why am I thus poor in transport? cold, insensible, 'midst this tumultuous joy?

O Moor. Come, my children. Here, Charles, thy hand—and thine, Amelia. A happiness like this I never looked for on this side the grave. Here let me bless your union—and forever—

Amel. For ever his ; for ever¹ and he mine ; o powers of heaven : abate this torrent of delight ; it kills with pleasure.

Moor. (*tearing himself from the arms of Amelia*) Away, away ! dear wretch ; most unfortunate of brides : look there ; ask of these men : and hear them—hear them, o most unhappy of all fathers ; let me begone and hide myself for ever.

Amel. What wouldst thou do ? where go ? here's love and happiness eternal ; what mean those dreadful words ?

O. Moor. Where would he go ? my son ; my only son ! what does he mean ?

Moor. It is too late ; in vain—thy curse, my father—ask me no more. I am—I have—thy curse—at least, thy supposed curse ;* (*with firmness*) die wretched Emily ; father, by me twice slain ? these thy deliverers—are robbers ! robbers and assassins ! thy son—their captain.

O. Moor. O God—my children ; oh ! (*sinks down and expires*)

(*Amelia remains motionless. The band preserve a dreadful silence*)

Moor. (*running to dash his head against an oak, stops suddenly*) The spirits of those I murdered in their sleep—or in the bed of love ! hark ! yon dreadful explosion. It has crush'd to death the mother and her infant. Mark the flames, which lick the cradles of the babes ! ay, that's the nuptial torch—hear you these shrieks ? they are the bridal songs. Oh ! HE has not forgotten. He knows to claim his debt. Therefore away from me all joys of love. Here is my doom—and this my just award. 'Tis retribution.

Amel. (*recovers, from her reverie*) Father of heaven ; tis true ? he has said it ! it is true. But what have I done ? I, an innocent maid,—I have loved THIS MAN.

*GERM. *Dein vermeinter fluch.*

Moor. (strikes his head) 'Tis more than man can bear; I have heard the yell of death poured from a thousand mouths, and never shrunk: shall I now quake before a woman? be myself a woman? no, no! no woman e'er shall move to weakness this man's heart. I must have blood! this will wear off; I'll drink of blood,—and then I'll brave my fate. (*going off*)

Amel. (rushes into his arms) Murderer! fiend! what e'er thou art—angel to me! I will not let thee go;

Moor. Is this a dream? a frenzy of the brain? or new device of hell, to make its sport of me? see how she clings—clings to the murderer's neck.

Amel. Ay—fast; forever.

Moor. She loves me, loves me still—then I am spotless as the light; she loves me. With all my crimes, she loves me! an angel weeps on a fiend's neck—a fiend restored to grace. Here let the serpents of the furies die—they can no longer lash me. I am happy. (*hiding his face on the bosom of Amelia*)

Grimm. (furiously) Hold traitor; quit her arms this instant; or I will speak a word that shall appal your soul.

Swit. (interposes his sword between Moor and Amelia) Think on the forest of Bohemia; mark'st thou that? think on the forest of Bohemia, traitor! where are thy oaths? are all our sufferings forgot? our fortune, honor, life, despised for thee? did any one of us escape unwounded; did we not stand like rocks! and didst not thou then lift that hand to heaven, and swear—swear never to forsake us—never to desert those who had been thus true to thee? foul, faithless, traitor! to sell us for woman's tears.

(*The Robbers murmuring confusedly, tear open their clothes.*)

Grimm. Look here; look at these scars; we bought thee with our blood: ours thou art. Though the Archangel Michael should wrestle for thee with the prince of hell—thou art ours. Come, come along! a victim for a victim. A woman for the band.

Moor. (disengaging himself from Amelia's arms)

Tis done; I would have fain gone back—But he that rules in heaven has said, no Look not thus wildly on me, Emily ' he has no need of me. Has he not millions of his creatures? he can spare one. I am that one. Come, fellows, let us begone!

Amel. (holding him) Stop, stop! one single blow; a mortal blow. Again abandoned? o draw that sword in mercy.

Moor Mercy is in the tyger's heart. I cannot kill.

Amel (embracing his knees) O, for the sake of heaven! for mercy! I ask thee not for love. I know we are curst by fate. Death, death's my only prayer 'see, my hand shakes. I cannot touch the sword, its gleaming terrifies me; o, to thee it were so easy; inured to death—strike, strike, and I will bless thee.

Moor (with sternness) Wouldst thou alone be happy begone; Moor cannot slay a woman.

Amel Inhuman; thou kill'st the happy only—the wretch who longs for death, thy barbarous pity spares. *(to the band)* Have mercy on me; ministers of death; o pity me! yes, those savage looks are comfort to the wretch; they thirst for blood. Dispatch me quick; in mercy kill me: your leader is a coward—a mere braggart. *(some of the Robbers present their pieces at her)*

Moor. (in fury) Away, ye demons! *(places himself between them and Amelia)* dare not a soul of you to violate this sanctuary; she is mine! *(encircling her waist with his arm)* let heaven and hell combine their powers to force her from this hold; love is above all oaths; *(lifts her from the ground, and looks undauntedly at the band)* what nature has united, who shall dare to part?

The Robbers (levelling their muskets, and taking aim) We shall dare.

Moor. (with a contemptuous smile) Impotent reptiles! *(he places Amelia, who is almost insensible, on a stone)* look up, my bride? no priest shall bless our union—no hallowed prayer be said; I know what's better. *(takes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and exposes her bosom)* Gaze on this beauteous sight. Are ye men? fel-

ons ! have ye hearts of stone ? look on me ! I am young — I have felt the power of love ; I am beloved, betroth'd, I have reached the gate of paradise ! (*in a tone of tender supplication*) and shall my brothers force me thence ? (*Robbers laugh*) it is enough ; (*with firmness*) thus far has nature spoke ; now the man's part begins ! I am a murderer, like you—a robber, an incendiary—I am —(*advancing to the band with inexpressible majesty*) your captain ;—and dare you thus, ye traitors ! sword in hand, thus treat, thus parley with your captain ? down with your arms, it is your master who commands : (*they lay down their arms*) there ! what are you now, but children, and I—am free : Moor must be free in order to be great ! now, I would not exchange this triumph for an elysium of love ; (*draws his sword*) poor wretches, your grovelling souls reach not this height. Whate'er is great seems frenzy in your eyes. The spirit of despair outstrips your snail paced wisdom. On deeds like these we pause not till they are done. I'll think on this—hereafter ! (*stabs Amelia*)

The Robbers. (*clapping their hands*) Bravo, most noble captain, thy honor is discharg'd—thou prince of Robbers.

Moor. Now she is mine, she's mine forever—or that hereafter is the dream of fools ! I have foil'd my destiny—in spite of fate, I have brought home my bride, and with this sword have seal'd our wedding vows. Thousands of years shall pass, and countless seasons roll, e'er the bright sun shall witness such a deed—(*to Amelia with tenderness*) was it not sweet, my Emily, to die thus by thy bridegroom's hand ?

Amel. (*stretching out her hand to him*) Oh, most sweet ! (*dies*)

Moor. (*to the band*) And ye ! whose hardened hearts could claim a sacrifice so great ! did your poor felon-souls look for a deed like this ? what was your sacrifice to me ? a life stain'd deep with infamy, spotted with crimes—blasted with sin and shame. I sacrificed to you a spotless angel ! (*throws his sword to*

them with contempt) now, felons, we are even! this bleeding corse cancels my bond for ever. From yours, I set you free.

The Robbers. (crowding round him) We are your slaves till death!

Moor. No, no; all is accomplished. My genius tells me, here must be my bourn:—thus far could nature go: no further.—Here take this bloody plume! (*throws his plume at their feet*) he that will be your captain now, may take it up.

Grimm. O spiritless; where are your mighty plans? air bubbles all—burst with a womans breath!

Moor. (with dignity) What Moor has done who dares to question? hear my last command:—attend;—stand around, and listen to your dying captain's words! (*looking at them for a long time*) you have been devoted to me—faithful beyond example. Had virtue been the bond of your attachment, you had been heroes; your memories had been revered, your names pronounced with rapture by mankind. Go, and devote what yet remains of life unto your country's service. This be my benediction; hence! farewell. Stop Switzer and Kozinski. (*the band go out slowly and much affected, leaving Switzer and Kozinski with Moor*) Give me thy hand, Kozinski; thine too Switzer. Young man; (*to Kozinski*) thou art yet unspotted—amongst the guilty, only guiltless! (*to Switzer*) these hands I have deep imbrued in blood; that be my offence not thine! here with this grasp I take what is mine own. Now, Switzer, thou art pure! (*raises their hands to heaven with fervor*) Father of heaven here I restore them; they will be now more fervently thine own than those who never fell. (*Switzer and Kozinski fall on each other's neck*) Not now my friends' spare me in this decisive hour. —An earldom becomes mine this day by heritage, a rich domain, on which no malediction rests. Share it between you:—become good men; good citizens! and if for ten whom I have destroyed, you make but one man blest, my soul may yet be saved!—go, quick;

while yet my fortitude remains ! (Switzer and Kozinski go out, hiding their faces)

Good citizens? and am not I too worthy of that name? what law so terrible as that I have obeyed? what vengeance or atonement like to mine?—be my destiny fulfilled!—hard by I have observed a poor disbanded officer who by his labor in the field, supports a numerous family To him who shall deliver up the robber Moor, a high reward is now proclaimed. He and his babes shall have it!

END OF THE ROBBERS.

DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of November, in the Thirty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, DAVID LONGWORTH, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit—

“ The Robbers, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. From the German of Frederick Schiller. A new edition, revised and corrected from the various translations.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled “ An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also, to an Act, entitled “ An Act, Supplementary to an Act entitled “ An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

EDWARD DUNSCOMB,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

